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NATTY, A SPIRIT:

HIS PORTRAIT AND HIS LIFE.

BY

ALLEN PUTNAM.

"There are more guests at table than the hosts
Invited." H. W. LONGFELLOW.

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DEDICATION.

"MYRIADS OF BEINGS WALK THE EARTH UNSEEN, BOTH WHEN WE WAKE AND WHEN WE SLEEP."

TO THOSE IN THAT SLEEPLESS HOST WHO GUARD US BY NIGHT AND BY DAY, AND WHOSE CHARGE IT IS TO BEAR US UP, LEST WE DASH OUR FEET AGAINST STONES,

To our Guardian Angels,

WE MAKE THIS NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

ALLEN PUTNAM.

ROXBURY, Jan. 1, 1856.

PREFACE.

EATER of letters! — this little loaf, which you now pick up from off the ocean of literature, is not exactly *common bread.* In looks and flavor both, it may be somewhat strange; for flour from a new wheat — a wheat but recently imported from foreign climes — is freely used in its composition. Taste it, however, without fear; for the baker and many customers have used the same kind for months, and find it sweeter and more nutritious than most old varieties. Help yourself; and take no bridescake *crum*, but a generous mouthful, a hearty meal, — the whole loaf; and, if you like it, more can be had of the same sort.

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PART FIRST.

THE PORTRAIT.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

Mr. C. L. Fenton, artist, No. 4, Howard Street, Boston, has recently executed a painting, which calls forth these pages. The *history* of the picture, and its *possible prophecy, not* its merits as a work of art, are its points of deepest interest.

Some explanation is due to the artist. This work is *no fancy-piece of his.* The leading figures and the colors were mostly prescribed.

Natty, *a spirit,* and chief subject of the picture, himself asked for this painting, and

required that "Uncle Charles's favorite dog" should be on the canvas. That dog is now living at the mansion of my father-in-law, where he is respected for his intelligence, and fondled for his affection. Of medium size, long glossy black hair, large forehead, and a very fine eye, "Leo" is a pet with us all; and it was a pleasure to gratify Natty, if possible, by getting the dog's likeness in the picture.

The taste and judgment of the artist revolted at the thought of attempting to make harmony between a *black dog* and a *bright spirit.* Success was more than he dared anticipate. Natty would not let him follow his first impulse, which was to make the dog a mere film; nor would he yield to the second wish, and let the pet be brown. Nothing but Leo *as he is* would do; and Leo is *black.*

Submission to the decided but playful child has been yielded by the artist. Em-

barrassments, growing out of this submission, have attended every step of his progress; but he has struggled through them patiently and manfully, till the work is finished in a manner which gives much pleasure to those most interested in its subject. Good judges of art will doubtless find faults in this work: the artist sees them, or some of them; and yet he leaves them there, because his sense of obedience to high behests is stronger than his dread of criticism. There is always power and a charm in that spirit which overcomes, or lifts one above, the world.

This painting obviously fails to harmonize with the world's prevailing conceptions of spiritual scenes; for no part of it suggests "ghosts and airy nothings." Deathly palor and the winding-sheet enter into man's conceptions of those who have passed beyond the grave. The world, therefore, will find nothing *spiritual* in our painting. But what

of that? — yes, what of that? For who was it that asked for firm and healthful muscle, for rosy cheek and rose-colored tunic, in the picture of a *spirit*-child? It was spirits: it was, perhaps, the famous artists of olden times, whose works have commanded the world's admiration for ages, — it was these, whose notions of fitness the artist strove to portray upon the canvas. Who of us knows whether spirits, as seen by spirit-eyes, are not as substantial as man is to man? Do men, or do angels, best know the actual appearance of spirits and spirit-scenes? Angels, most surely; and if angels undertake to help man paint, who will be ready to say that their conceptions of an angel's expression, complexion, and robes are all wrong?

This child is but little more than an attempted copy of limbs and features and robes that have been made to pass before the vision of the artist and other mediums.

The brushes and paints, and the working head and hand, belong to earth. It is less a painting *by* spirits than a painting *for* spirits; they suggesting what was wanted, but measurably leaving man to do the work. This is no *masterpiece*, but only the imperfect result of a first experiment. One little spirit, Walter Hall, says "he does not think much of this picture; that it does not look near as pretty as Natty himself; but that it will do well enough for mortals to look at." No doubt the real designers of the portrait think the same; and yet they may be much rejoiced that they have been able to disclose to earth's mourners the possibility of getting their departed ones to sit for likenesses before some of our clairvoyant artists, and thus secure most valuable mementoes of those who are gone. Also they may rejoice at the thought of being able to show somewhat of heaven's scenery and heaven's inhabitants to man, and thus

teach him that no ghostlike forms or shadowy scenes will appall or mock him when he soars to spirit-homes. "O Grave! where is thy victory?" The spiritual subduing the natural, heaven and earth are to blend on the canvas, not alone as human artists would portray them, but also as heaven's painters shall direct. In this view is contained the *possible prophecy* of Natty and the pet. A new era in the art of painting, which shall help the bereaved to obtain likenesses of the departed, and sketches of scenes amid which the ascended dwell, and which shall let the ascended one write his messages of love upon man's canvas, and portray the scenes of the upper world as they appear *to him*, — such an era may be harbingered by the work which prompts my pen. *This picture* is no more than the faint glimmer of earliest dawn: the *day* yet lingers in the folds of night.

Mrs. Sisson, Mrs. Newton, Mrs. Leeds,

Miss Bugbee, and Miss Burbank, all well-known clairvoyant mediums, whose eyes are familiar with the features and form of Natty, call the child in the picture an approach at least to a likeness of him as he appears in his moments of repose, and yet as lacking most essentially the heavenly brilliancy which mantles his gleeful face in all times of action. Such lack must ever be, they think, on man's canvas. The dog could not be much better. The filling-up of the picture, its scenery and general coloring, — symbolical, perhaps, in all its minutiæ, because birds, waterfalls, trees, flowers, fruits, the mirage, and haloes of varied colors, may all speak in definite language to spirit-eyes, — disclose the efforts and skill of the artists to drape the incongruity of the *black* material dog with the light ethereal child, and to give as soft and pleasing an expression as possible to this incongruous combination. The success has been more than was anticipated.

CHAPTER II.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PICTURE, AND THE SELECTION OF THE ARTIST.

A STORY now to be told simply and *truthfully* possesses charms for us, who are familiar with its minute details; and we judge that it may interest very many others. To our eyes, the story seems full of a simple beauty that can hardly be the covering of harm to any one, and that may envelop some tiny seeds of hope, faith, or heavenly aspiration, which, sown upon earth's soil, shall germinate, and yield a harvest of *golden* grain.

Therefore, though the facts which brought the painting into being are veiled in an atmosphere of pleasing *strangeness*, which

may make the reader deem them products from the world of fiction, they are put forth as *veritable facts.*

At one of my calls upon Miss Fanny Bugbee, medium, in the autumn of 1854, there were shown to me some drawings, executed by her hand, though she denied all consciousness of mental action when the work was going on. While we were in conversation about the merits of the work, and the process by which it was produced, "Little Natty" displaced her from her own organism, and, taking hold of it himself, commenced a playful chat with me. Among other things, I said to him, "Who moves and guides this medium's hand while it forms these flowers?" — "Ben West," he answered. — "Good, Natty, good!" said I; "for if that famous painter is at work here, he can sketch for me *your likeness.*" — "*You shall have it, father,*" was his quick rejoinder.

Afterwards, when he presented himself, some playful allusions to his promise were made; but no answer came which led us to suppose that he had ever designed a fulfilment. All through the winter and early spring, this matter was forgotten; but, some time in May, 1855, Mrs. Putnam met Mrs. Sisson, of Somerville, at the house of a friend in Tremont Place, Boston. Taking possession of Mrs. Sisson as medium, Natty asked his mother — *mother* by *his own* adoption — for permission to take the medium out to the shops, and spend some *money*. "Spend *money*, Natty!" said she; "what can *you* want of *money?*" — "I want," he said, — "I want to buy a likeness of myself." He pleaded somewhat earnestly for this permission, and also for more discretion as to price than she was ready to grant; but, after some fruitless attempts on her part to limit the liability to draft upon the family treasury, and a promise on his

part not to make it *very* heavy, permission was given for him to spend at his discretion. Returning home, she made known the liability to which we were exposed; and we had a pleasant laugh at the insolvency which our new disburser might bring upon us. No sleep, however, was lost from any apprehension of extravagance on Natty's part, and no faith was had that he would use his privilege. Mrs. Sisson was left entirely ignorant of what had been said through her, and the matter was a secret in our own family.

About one week after the scene described above, I made a call at the same house, in Tremont Place, and had been in the parlor only a few minutes when the same medium from Somerville rang the bell, and entered, bringing a roll in her hand. She seemed *very much* pleased at the unexpected meeting with *me* there, and accounted for her excess of pleasure by saying that Natty

had told her the night before that she should meet me in Boston that day. She also said, that, late on the evening before, this little spirit had taken control of her, and, through her, had told her husband that on the morrow she must go to Boston, and buy a picture which he wanted to give to his parents. There was a little laugh between husband and wife at the strangeness of the requisition, and at the trifling of this spirit with them. Supposing it but the frolic of the moment, they went to their night's sleep. Morning came; and Mrs. Sisson told her husband that she *must* go over to Boston and buy the pictures. He tried to dissuade her; saying that it was folly, if not wrong, to go and expend money on Mr. Putnam's account, with no excuse to give for it but that a spirit had asked her to do so. "Mr. Putnam will not like it," he said. "He may pay you the money, and find no fault; but he cannot be satisfied

with such doings." "I *must buy*," she responded; "and, if Mr. Putnam does not like it, I will pay for and keep the pictures myself." Here her whole air and manner, which was that of *inquiry*, reminded me of a fact which I had overlooked, — viz., that, when Natty had asked Mrs. Putnam for permission to make a purchase, the medium was *unconscious;* and that she had not learned that she already had our permission for all that had been done. Under such circumstances, no wonder that the husband did not like the aspect of the matter, and no wonder that she herself bent upon me the inquiring gaze. At once I relieved her embarrassment by describing what had previously occurred. Taking heart from my words, she then told how, guided by Natty, she had gone from print-shop to print-shop, through Hanover, Court, and far up Washington Streets, overhauling the assortments, getting the salesmen out of

patience, and leaving one after another without seeing any thing like what was wanted. At length, wearied by the long tramp and almost discouraged, she reached No. 328 of the last-named street. There, after examining such prints as were opened, she said to the man at the counter, "You have more?" "Yes," he said, "we have a fresh package, just in from New York, which I will open for you." The cover was removed, and the second picture in the box was "Natty to the life, and the third was Abby." She bought the two, paying for them both one dollar sixty-two and a half cents, and brought them to where she met me. At a subsequent interview, Natty said he took her all around town in order to satisfy her that there was no other print in Boston like the one she was made to buy. Unrolling her parcel, I found colored French lithographs, one of them being a beautiful boy, holding an orange in the left hand; the other a

beautiful female head, emblematic of summer, wreathed with flowers, and bearing a sheaf of golden grain upon her shoulder. The boy, she said, was "the very picture of Natty as she had seen him" in her clairvoyant state; the other, she told me, was like a female spirit-friend whom she often saw around me. *This* likeness, in the upper part of the face, was obvious to myself.

Learning from her that Natty was present, I asked the friend at whose house the interview occurred for a private room. As soon as the medium and myself were alone, Natty disposed of her, and entered at once into conversation. After stating that he had at last fulfilled the promise to furnish his likeness, and declaring that it was *truly a likeness,* he said to me, *very earnestly,* —

"Now, father, I ask one favor: will you grant it?"

"You know, Natty, that I am chary of promises. I must know what you want before I answer."

"I want these put upon canvas, and Uncle Charles's favorite dog in the picture *with me.*"

"I will do it upon one condition."

"What is that?"

"That you and Uncle Charles *will select the artist.*"

"Give us time?"

"Yes, Natty, as much time as you wish."

Upon resuming consciousness, the medium declared ignorance of any part of the conversation; and I kept it from her, and from all others outside of my own family.

This matter of the *likeness* now became intensely interesting. My purpose was firm to follow it up, and also to work with all possible secrecy and caution. The resolve was at once formed that I would not, anywhere or in any way, reveal my expectation that some artist might be named through a medium.

Taking the pictures, I went alone and di-

rectly from Tremont Place to Mrs. Leeds's, in Carver Street. Opening the roll, and drawing her attention to the prints, but without the slightest hint that they were any thing more than pretty things that had caught the eye as I walked the streets, she instantly said, "One of them is Natty, and the other is like a friend that I have often seen around you." Struck forcibly by her recognition of them, and incited to a farther test, I bent my steps directly to Tyler Street; and, opening my treasure in the presence of Mrs. Newton, her eyes sparkled in an instant, and she exclaimed, "Why! you have your '*little Natty*' there!" and, seeing the other, she said, "Here is Abby too!" Interest deepened, as a matter of course. Three clairvoyant mediums, all on the same morning, separately, and without the slightest intimation from me or any other imaginable source, *saw alike*. Here was evidence that spiritual vision was in

harmony with external vision; that Natty, the spirit, presented the same features to three different sets of internal eyes, and that the outward eyes of all the three recognized him in the picture.

There was also another striking fact. My little friend had often been described to me as a bright, curly-haired boy, and my mind had formed a *distinct* conception of his appearance. *To me*, his forehead was very broad and high, while the lower part of the face was narrow; the whole face was pale, and his curling hair hung in long ringlets upon his shoulders: such was *my mental image*. But in the lithograph the cheeks are plump and rosy, and the hair curls tight from its very roots, and does not reach the shoulders. There is danger of being forgetful on a point like this; but I have seen the danger, and striven to present the exact truth. If I have been successful here, every one can see that the contrast between

the Natty in my mind and the Natty on the paper was to me proof positive that these several mediums were not seeing with *my eyes*, — were not mesmerized by me.

At evening of the next following day, and before my possession of the picture was known in the neighborhood, I called upon Miss Bugbee, who lives near my home in Roxbury. While I was unfolding my scroll, the boy being bottom up to her, and scarcely more than half the head visible, she exclaimed, "Why, Natty!" and laid hold of the picture with all the gleesome earnestness of strong affection. She saw, too, in the accompanying picture, the same likeness that the other mediums had named.

After the joy and excitement of her recognition had subsided, Natty took control in her organism, and I asked him to explain his recent doings.

"You remember, father, my promise that Ben West should sketch me through the hand of this medium."

"Yes; but I thought it mere *words*."

"No, *not mere words;* I meant it; and we tried: but we could not get a distinct impression on her brain. Then we looked about for some one more impressible; and, in the south of France, we found one that answered our purpose."

Here came a vision. The medium said, "I see, on the banks of a beautiful river, under a large tree, a man, small in stature, light complexion, blue eyes, and large forehead. There, stretched at length upon the ground, resting upon one elbow, with pencil and sketch-book beside him, the spirit of Ben West is making passes over his temples; and Natty hovers above, so that the features of Natty may be distinctly daguerreotyped on the artist's brain." Such was the vision. At a later day, Natty told me that this was a representation of what had occurred about two years before.

After the vision, Natty resumed: "He

put me in his sketch-book; and, when the sketch had been lithographed, I superintended the coloring of this impression, so that it might be made to look like me. Then, when a 'canvasser' was selecting prints for New York, I was by, and made him take this one. At New York, I made them forward it to Boston; and, as soon as it reached there, I made the medium go with me and buy it. There is no other like it in the city."

To test the accuracy of the last assertion, I called at the place where the purchase had been made, described the "orange-boy," ascertained that the seller remembered it, and asked if he had more of the same kind. "Yes," was his reply; and he led me to the package last received from New York; and we overhauled it thoroughly, without finding what he had no doubt was there. He expressed some surprise that but one copy had been sent, and remarked that such

a thing was unusual. From him I learned that the "orange-boy" was not new in the market. Two or three months later, I found a shop-worn copy of it in Court Street, and paid for *that* the full price of a clean one. Upon comparison of the two, there were found marked differences in the expression of the eyes, and in the general coloring. We are not at liberty, therefore, to infer that Natty was impressed on the French artist's brain subsequent to, and *for the purpose of, fulfilling his promise to me,* but that he only availed himself of what had *previously* been done in the way of outline, and undertook superintendence of coloring and transmission, after failing with Miss Bugbee. His statements above, however, led me to a different inference at first, and will do the same to others.

Within a day or two of the visit to Miss Bugbee, we received a call from Miss E. J. Brown. When my wife drew her attention

to the "orange-boy," I watched her face, and soon saw it lighted up with a bright smile; and she said, "Natty!" The features on the other seemed to her quite familiar.

Evidence of likeness — indications that we had a copy of Natty's features — had now become very strong. More than two or *three* witnesses testified, independently, to the same. I was willing that an artist should be named, and yet was careful to give no hint that such a thing was expected.

Ten days, more or less, after Natty obtained my promise to foot the bills, if he and Uncle Charles would select the artist, Mrs. Sisson sent from Somerville to Roxbury the following words, written in pencil: "Mr. Fenton, head of Hanover Street, artist." A verbal message, at the same time, was to this effect: "I do not know what it means, nor why it is sent; neither do I know any thing of the man; but I follow a

strong impression." To me, as every reader will suppose, it was not only intelligible, but intensely gratifying. I knew *why* it came. But the artist, even by name, was a stranger to me and to my family.

When Mr. Fenton's name was furnished, Mrs. Putnam, to whom the paper was handed, obtained a more full account than is given above of the occurrences at Somerville, on the night when Natty asked for help to effect his purchase. As she understood the account, the facts are, that, Mr. and Mrs. Sisson having retired for the night, both of them much fatigued by the day's labor, some spirit took possession of her, and insisted that the husband should get out of bed, and write down what should be dictated. The husband's fatigue made him protest against this with much firmness; and yet the importunity was so earnest and persevering, that he at last yielded reluctantly, got up, struck a light, and pencilled

down the following, which I copy from the original manuscript: —

"DEAR FRIEND, — I come to you this night to ask a favor. My name is Natty. I have come to gratify the one I love in earth, — my mother; I come to impress the medium to get the paintings representing myself and a female spirit, whom I will procure for my father; and as this is the request of one I love, and whom I now call mother, tell my father these are to be taken on canvas by an artist who shall execute the work well. With me shall be taken the favorite pet dog of Uncle Charles. After these are completed on canvas, give the original prints on paper to the medium for gratifying my request. The medium must go to-morrow, without fail, so as to have them ready when she meets my father. The female spirit represents my father's good works. He has sowed the seed, and reapers are gathering the grain. The seeds he hath sown are called good. This is from your guardian spirit, NATTY.

"May 22, 1855."

Such was the written part of his communication that night. Many other things were spoken by him in explanation, and in the way of urging compliance with his

wishes. The Uncle Charles referred to was Mr. Charles B., a brother of Mrs. Putnam, who passed away from earth about three years ago. At times, the female, whose likeness he procured for me, is called by Natty his mother in the spheres; and possibly his letter alludes to compliance with the wishes of both my present and my former wife. Nothing has yet been done in the way of arrangements for putting the female upon canvas. She has been seen by the artist; but he will wait for further developments and promptings before he undertakes to give her portrait.

The question arose, whether to publish or to suppress Natty's account of what the female represented. It was retained, because experience of the influences of Spiritualism has been sweet; and there is a hope of winning others to taste its manna, by exhibiting glimpses as to whence and how co-workers with good spirits obtain some

courage, strength, and compensation, which the world knows but little of.

"Mr. Fenton, head of Hanover Street, artist," was now to be looked up. The "Boston Directory" of last year did not embrace the name. An old "Boston Almanac" did, but located on Court, near Brattle Street. An hour's bootless search was made for him one morning; and how sublime the ludicrous of my position, could the many passers of the thronged street have looked upon me as I was, — the puzzled agent of a spirit! But they did not see through the walls of clay.

The following day, "C. L. Fenton" was found on a sign, at No. 4, Howard Street, *near* the "head of Hanover." Working my way up to the fourth story, and into the sanctum of a stranger, I asked for Mr. Fenton. The gentleman present said, "That is my name." And now, what could I say, what do? Fancy a gray-haired man

acting the messenger of a spirit-boy to a mortal artist, bearing a request that that artist shall portray the impalpable spirit upon canvas! Such was I. Taking the liberty to look at the paintings around the studio, and to make a few remarks that meant nothing, I managed soon to edge my way up in sight of Spiritualism. Feeling, perhaps, that more was meant by me than met his ear, Mr. Fenton said, "You may speak freely upon that subject; for, though not exactly a believer in modern Spiritualism, yet I am a semi-Swedenborgian, have at several times been favored with visions, and have an interest in spiritual matters." Thus the way was cleared. Natty had read his man, and had not fooled me.

The specimens of art in this studio were not such as would have highly commended this artist to me, as being well suited to execute the delicate work I had in view. I do not learn that he has achieved much dis-

tinction. But it was not now my province to judge of his fitness for the work. He was the man already selected by my employer; and my sole business was to learn whether he would accept of his appointment. The principal points of the preceding story were stated by me; and he readily consented to do the best he could to gratify Natty.

His soul has been in this work; and his hand has been more successful here than in any previous efforts. Should there be no other benefit, it is not a small thing to have enkindled in one modest and shrinking mind so much new energy and hope and joy and aspiration after an excellence in art, which shall be useful and elevating to man, as have grown up in this retiring artist within the last six months. He may, or he may not, be eminent, in future years, in portraying the lineaments of angels; he may improve, or he may not, *as a painter:*

but, in either case, he will count it a glory and a joy that he was the chosen instrument in the hands of ascended artists, by which they made an early, if not their first, attempt to teach the world that individual spirits can have their true likenesses put upon canvas by human artists. Though his own success should not be great, yet his name may long be intimately blended with the incipient movements of a new and beneficent achievement in the art of painting.

The leading facts in this narrative have already been given to the public in the columns of the "New-England Spiritualist;" not, however, in connected order. A reproduction of them, in new form, seemed desirable. What follows will be new. The artist has been asked to tell his own story, which he does in the next chapter. His minute statement will here be given; and, though not very intelligible in some parts to those who cannot have access to the

painting, it deserves to go on record, if the picture is, in any essential respects, a harbinger of the day when our artists shall look beyond the veil which hides the spirits of loved ones, and record their clear visions with the brush.

CHAPTER III.

THE ARTIST'S STATEMENT.

Being called on to give a statement of facts, as they have occurred to me, connected with the picture of Natty, since the time the lithograph of what purported and proved to be a likeness of Angel Natty was put into my hands, I will endeavor to do so; but, as the use and arrangement of *words* have never occupied *any* portion of my attention, I fear my attempt to describe the little items or glimpses into the spirit-world, by which I have been instructed in the composition, and in some degree in color, of the picture, will be unsatisfactory. Running, as the items do, over more than six months of time, without diary or dates, I fear it will

be a congress of items not understood by many, or not at all by any but those that have experienced the manner in which objects in the spirit-world are discerned. But I will do my best to explain.

Some time in the latter half of June (I think it was), a stranger called at my room, and introduced himself as Mr. Putnam, of Roxbury, and showed me a lithograph head in colors. I was immediately struck with the remarkable intelligence which it expressed, or, as I then expressed it, the innocence of wisdom. After a few remarks made by each to the other, we both knew that each had perception of the spiritual; and he immediately entered on the incidents connected with the procuring of the picture which he held in his hand, also stating that I was selected by the spirit himself to put it on canvas; that "Uncle Charles's favorite dog" should be in the picture; and that I was not limited as to means or time,

but that I should do as I was *impressed;* that he had nothing to say as regards the picture, farther than that he wished me to procure the best materials; when I wanted money, to be so kind as to let him know, at the same time proffering some in advance; and then left the room.

My thoughts immediately pictured Natty in the *spirit*-world; but *the dog*, the *black dog*, — how should I dispose of him? The material *black* dog and the Angel Natty both in the spirit-world! The thought was repulsive. My first idea was to make the dog a film, a mere shadow. I consulted Natty, through his favorite writing instrument, Mrs. Little; and his language was very emphatic, that the dog was to be no more nor less than his Uncle Charles's black dog. At the same time, he said, "Give me some feet; and don't make the dog prettier than I."

Shortly after this, but before I had re-

ceived any vision or extra impression, I made a small sketch, in colors, of the whole subject.

I must try to describe that sketch, in order to give an understanding of how much I have received from *spirit-vision* towards the finished picture.

The sketch represents him whole length; the position of the head, body, and lower limbs, the same as in the finished picture. The right hand is raised to the height of the shoulder, the fore-finger pointing upward, and the others grasping the end of some drapery which descends to the knees: the left hand holds on its palm a small glittering globe. The dog reposes on dense clouds, his nose turned up so as to bring the back of the head towards the spectator. The immediate foreground shows three bunches of grapes: on the right of the figure, two bunches, the gold and the blood, the gold next to the feet; on the left, one cluster, the

silver: on the right, above the grapes, roses in profusion; on the left, high in the picture and in the distance, a temple of large proportions, over the pinnacle of which glitters a golden star, radiating light. From near the temple descends water, falling from rock to rock, then disappearing, and finally gushing up through artificial works. From behind the figure commences a broad flight of steps, overarched with living verdure and rainbows of flowers. At the lower edge of the canvas spans a segment of a circle, representing the world, on which drip the juices of the fruit, representing the celestial (gold), spiritual (silver), and natural (blood). Around, and immediately in contact with, the earth, is a clear golden atmosphere, above which dense clouds are formed, yet below the feet of the child, and, as they ascend, gradually become attenuated, until all is lost in mist, out of which the whole seems to glow. Directly over his head are

streams of brilliant light, in the form of a reversed cone, the apex of which rests on his head.

I have described the sketch thus minutely that the observer may see how the changes were suggested, and thereby know what portion of the finished picture I have produced without vision.

Shortly after having made the above-described sketch, being in an assembly of a hundred or more persons, I was introduced to Mrs. Newton, who immediately became entranced. A spirit, speaking with her organs, desired to take my hand, that he might establish a communication with me that should not be broken. I complied; and the spirit addressed a few words of encouragement to me, and ended with requesting me, on the following day, to eat a light dinner, and, soon after, to lie down, and he would be with me. Not having ever seen any person entranced, and all being entire strangers

to each other, I did not give that attention to the momentary address which I otherwise should, and only remembered the last sentence. At noon, on the following day, I complied with the request of my spirit-friend; but, it being washing-day at home, I went direct to my little upper room in Howard Street (my painting-room), and attempted to repose myself on my *throne* (a deal box, three by four feet), with my feet in one chair, and the cushion of another for a pillow. Bookbinders hammering, printing-presses going, and two doors slamming close to my head, the repose that I was in was not very enviable. However, my spirit-friend was soon at work. I seemed to be a little changed from a natural or wide-awake state as to the *body*, but had *all* my thought, reflection, and comparison, doubly wide-awake. It was a repose of nothing but the material matter. The senses had slipped off, and were in entire freedom, and lost

sight of natural objects. I had been in this condition a few minutes, when before my face came the *lower end* of a picture, about twelve inches wide. At first, I did not think what it was; but, after looking at it steadily a minute or so, I saw the *grapes;* and these brought to memory the sketch I had made for the picture of Natty. But here it was enlarged to twenty times the size of my sketch; and the grapes, instead of being distributed as in my design, were all on one side. The arrangement of colors also was changed: the golden, instead of being nearest the centre, were farthest from it; the massive dark clouds, that seemed to support the whole superstructure in said sketch, had disappeared; and immediately the vision was gone.

After a few moments of vacancy, the *centre* of a canvas (I did not see the edges either way) was presented to my view; and on it were sketched, in colors, the body and

left arm of a child, together with a dog, and the child's arm lay over and around the dog's neck. I had been in a quandary as to the position of the dog, and had actually colored it in three different positions in my sketch, and at last left it somewhat undefined.

I have strictly followed these suggestions. There was an attempt afterwards to produce the picture as a whole; but it was small, about the size of my sketch, and so far off that I could not define it. Perhaps the distance corresponded to the time that was to elapse before the painting would be all arranged and marked out, which has been over six months; and, lastly, the spirit-artist who was operating for my instruction was seen by me for a moment, and then my senses became entangled with their material overcoat. I arose, I must confess, very much disappointed; for I had expected something wonderful; thought the whole picture would

blaze out in all the glow of spirit-life, or perhaps dear little Natty would show himself to me in person. All that I had seen were but *sketches* of *parts* of a *picture*, works of art, not the *real reality*. This being the first time that the spirit-world had given me sight of any thing but the *things themselves*, the singularity made a strong impression on me.

Shortly after this, I visited Mrs. Leeds, a medium who had been somewhat familiar with little Natty. She soon became entranced; and the spirit commenced speaking to me in these words: "If thee will sit nearer the instrument, and take her hand, I will speak to thee." And, for a few minutes, there was poured forth a flood of burning beauty, in the artless simplicity of a child, touching all the thoughts and feelings that I had passed through during the past five years, and soothing my spirit with predictions of use for the future. He ended by

saying, after having spoken of the picture of the spirit-child which I was to paint, "Do not proceed with the work immediately, as all the influences are not brought to bear yet. Thee shall go over a bridge, or bridges, on to high ground; and there, in the twilight of the evening, the whole shall pass before thee as a panorama."

This was in the morning; and I expected the promise would be fulfilled on the evening of that day, although the spirit said nothing about time. At twilight, I *disposed* myself (but not at a window, for the idea of seeing the panorama in external *nature* had not entered my thoughts), somewhat expecting to be blessed with the vision of the whole subject; but the evening hours passed away, and so did those of the next, the next, and the next, and so on for four or five weeks, and nothing of the subject was shown me. Hope was almost gone; and I began to think that the promises of *some* spirits were not fulfilled.

I reside near the top of *old* Bunker Hill, in Charlestown. From my front windows, where I generally am during twilight, was *then* a broad free opening, taking into view many miles in extent of hills. During the four or five weeks succeeding the promise of the spirit, there had been erected, on the vacant lots in front of my dwelling, three houses. The frames were up and boarded, which left a small opening between these and the next building, — a sort of proscenium for the panorama, as I afterwards thought.

One evening, I was sitting at a window which I very seldom sit near, having been induced to leave my *favorite* seat by a sensation as if small insects were crawling all over my body and hands, which I experienced at that favorite window, and nowhere else. Had I remained at that place, I could not have seen the opening across which the imagery passed. The panorama was not thought of at the time, although not forgot-

ten. I was watching the motions of the beautiful summer vapor, when a particular *light* attracted my attention. I examined it closely, and behold, it was the image of Natty! but the dog was not there. All the scenery which I had designed and arranged for the picture was missing; and instead were fleecy vapors on his right, amid which I dimly saw an opening, indicating a way of ascent. Below the figure, and on which it stood, were dense clouds, thence rolling up more attenuated, but *dark on the left hand* of the figure. Close to his left side was the darkest, densest vapor, over which his arm seemed to rest; but no appearance of the dog. There was no color, simply light and shade, or the general effect of the whole picture indistinctly made out. It moved on slowly for three or four minutes, when it reached a position directly over the eaves of the building towards which it was passing (although apparently two miles in the distance), when

it became stationary, and gradually diminished in size till it wholly disappeared. I exclaimed, "I wish I had seen it more distinctly!" when immediately the same arrangement came in sight in precisely the same spot, moved across the same path to the same place, and disappeared in the same manner, but this time more indistinctly. During the whole time it was in sight, I distinctly saw an emanation of light from the eaves to the ridgepole of the building over which the arrangement vanished. The third evening after this, I was sitting at the same window, sipping in the *tidbits* of a glowing summer's sunset, when my attention was attracted to a small black cloud, in form like a balloon. It moved over the same place as the figure three evenings before, disappeared at the same spot in the same manner, re-appeared in the same way, passed over the same space, and gradually disappeared as before. This

passing a second time, and disappearing in the same singular manner as the imagery, led me to surmise there was some connection between the two. Here was something new in *my experience*. These were seen by the material eyes, absolutely floating in earth's atmosphere.

Time wore on, without any thing more being suggested, till August 3, when I visited, with Mr. Putnam, Mrs. Little, for the purpose of communicating with Natty in regard to the picture. Here he repeated, "Give me some feet;" also he said, "Throw one arm gracefully over the dog; put a wreath in the hand, ready to be thrown over the dog's neck; let the dog be *black;* give depth to his eyes almost human; but don't make the dog prettier than I; dispense with scenery in the background. West tells me 'flowers will not harmonize in the background.' I prefer *rose*-color for dress; but, if mother likes *white* best, I give up to her taste.

I like your sketch: don't destroy it." I replied, "I have already," — thinking of one I had that morning rubbed out, the second I had made; the first—the one above described — not entering my thoughts at the time, nor since with any regard to Natty or the picture in progress, until I commenced writing out all the little incidents connected with the subject. The reader can see why he wished it preserved. Natty was asked if he was instrumental in producing the panorama. "*No*," was his reply: "it was produced by your familiar spirit, and was not to be strictly followed. This answer brought to memory the black cloud I saw pass and repass three days after the figure; and the same seemed explained.

From these written instructions, and the glimpses of spirit-vision that had been given me, I commenced the picture, and laid in the figure and dog; but as Natty said, "Leave out the scenery in the background,"

what should I substitute? The ideas gleaned from the panorama were not regarded, as Natty said they were not to be followed, and it had passed out of my memory as connected with the picture, and never had been associated with it up to the time when I was describing it in the present writing; and yet *all* the *general effect* of that has been worked in without my once thinking of the original.

The picture did not progress for some days, while I was constantly meditating for the background, till one day, while passing through a small anteroom in my house, the room appeared full of soft rolling vapors, of a color approaching the rose. It immediately occurred to me that that was the color of the light for the general effect in the painting.

A day or two after this, the same light and color were presented to my vision in the same place. This strengthened my

former impression. But it seems as if the spirit was fearful that I would not adopt it; and, for the third time, the same effects of color and light surrounded me in the attic over my painting-room. I wanted no further suggestion for my background, and proceeded to paint it in; and such it now remains.

The background was painted in solid, and all at once, except a few minutes' work tickling or glittering it; the figure and dog sketched in; the foliage and waterfall indicated; the ground on which the child and dog stand painted, but without objects; the fruit laid in; and a few brush-marks near the bottom of the canvas, to denote water. Here the work rested for some days; when one evening, after retiring to bed, the lower end of the same picture that I had seen some days before was presented to my vision: but now the flowers were added, and reflected below,

as were the grapes, and the legs of the figure; but the dog was not seen in reflection.

On the following day, I proceeded to paint in the lower part of the picture, supposing the reflections were intended to be on water. I represented the reversed image of every object, including the dark mass of the dog, as reflected on water. This dark mass of black at the bottom of the picture hove the whole composition out of balance, and it lost all its airiness.

It stood in this condition some days, when the idea entered my mind, that the vision which had been given me (where *all* objects were *not* reflected) was intended for the *mirage*, or reflection on the atmosphere. I erased what I had painted in this part of the picture, and have endeavored to depict *the mirage*.

During the progress of the work, Mrs. Little (Natty's favorite writing instrument) called at my room; and Natty seized her

hand, and wrote, "That's me in my bower. I have a dress like that. I impressed you to make it so." Although the dress was not finished at that time, I have carried out all the ideas I had then indicated.

Time and paint had enabled me to bring the work nearly to the condition in which it now is. Some dispute having arisen about the size of the legs, and in particular the joints of the feet, I was induced to examine the works of various artists at the Athenæum for authority. I was returning, convinced that I was *nearer* right than my critics, when, turning the key in the door of my painting-room, my inner sight was opened, and before me, on a virgin canvas, without ground or background, was the left leg of a child, in the position of the one in my picture; but the calf of the leg was fuller and lower, the instep higher, and the entire length of the foot a little less, while the whole had more reddish-brown in its

color. I have tried to work mine to correspond to that.

Thus had the picture been worked out in all its parts up to the 8th of November, and I considered it about done. On the evening of that day, I went to bed later than usual. As soon as I had laid down, I became very wakeful. I could not sleep. I got out of bed, went to the window, rubbed myself all over, and then lay down again; but no sleep followed. About midnight, a light seemed to melt gradually out of the darkness of the room, till within it I could discern grain in the ear; then hair of a golden hue, with faint appearance of a face, neck, and shoulders of a female, when I recognized the general features of the portrait of Mrs. P—— (a spirit); but the whole was dimly seen. In a few seconds, a little cherub-child appeared in front, the back towards me. The top of his head came in sight first, and he seemed to be climbing

from her lap till his breast met hers, when he tossed his beautiful dimpled arms around her neck with the most touching affection. I recognized him at once as Natty. The back of the head was towards me; and I was impressed with wonder at the remarkable fulness in every region, more so than I was led to expect from the appearance of the front as seen in the lithograph. The hair was a little more free than in the print, and more golden than I had represented it in my painting. The child disappeared for a moment, and then came back over the left shoulder of Mrs. P——, put his breast on hers as before, while his body seemed to float in the atmosphere horizontally, his back being towards me as at first. As soon as he reached this position, he turned his head back till his eyes met mine, and, with a bewitching expression of arch innocence, disappeared.

In the second view of him, my attention

was attracted to the arms: they hung down freely from and over the breast of the female, and seemed the centre of light, as the hair and arms had in the first view. I saw at once that the arm which I had drawn and painted in the picture was not like these. Mine was too full below the elbow, — not full enough at the wrist; and at the wrist was a deep crease, which I had not indicated in the least. I have since made alterations to meet these true forms.

The jewel-clasp on his shoulder was shown me in vision. Oh, how beautiful it was! It seemed a living object. Each precious stone in it seemed of the finest particles, and each particle in motion, and the whole setting radiating the most brilliant light, which seemed to flash and sparkle as if given off from an ever-emanating source. Indeed, it was the most gorgeous object that I ever beheld. Reader, do not look at my attempt to imitate that, after reading this.

The wreath was shown me one very dark night, while sitting at that window gazing on vacancy. It appeared suspended directly over the spot where the image or panorama of Natty first made its appearance. It had no leaves, but flowers of the most intense blue. There were no minutiæ, but simply the general. This gave me license to introduce what *small* parts I saw fit. I have improved that liberty, and have attempted, in the wreath, somewhat of the language of flowers. Lily-of-the-valley, — return of happiness; blue-bell, — constancy; myrtle, — love in absence; with some odylized flowers.

Time continued to slip by his days and weeks, and I considered the picture finished; but Natty continued to say, "No, it is not; I have an important chapter to make known when Mrs. Newton returns from Europe." But still I considered it done. Thus it stood still till January 7, on which day Mrs. Newton called at my room,

and saw the picture for the first time. She soon became entranced. Natty became present *as the picture ;* but to it was added a white dove and white lily. In a vision which had been given me of *this part* of the work, months before, I had noticed some object, very white and bright, but could not make out the form or individuality of it.

These are the principal items, glimpses, written instructions, and verbal information, from which I have composed and worked out this somewhat singular picture.

The painting is on canvas, thirty-eight by forty-eight inches. Natty is represented as a child, his size as that of one between two and three years old ; but the head is *very* fully developed, and the expression of the face and position of the whole body are indicative of more wisdom than belongs to childhood. At his left side is Uncle Charles's favorite black dog Leo, slightly inclined against

Natty, as Natty is against the dog, each contributing to the repose of the other. The left arm of Natty rests with perfect repose over the neck of the dog, the hand being seen on the breast, holding one end of a wreath of flowers; while the other end is supported by his right hand, which is raised nearly to his waist. The under-garment of Natty, of which a small portion is seen, is rose-color, bordered with blue, from which emanates slightly a faint light, — odyle, if you please. The outer-garment, which is full and flowing, is white (illumined in the shadows with rosy pearl), and bordered with gold, from which is suspended a row of drop-pearls. On the right shoulder, this garment, and the drapery which forms the covering for the arm, are united by a gem-star radiating light. His breast, left shoulder, legs below the knees, and feet, are bare. Surrounding the figure, from the hips upwards, is an emanation

of white light. His hair is golden. The figures stand on greensward bordered with flowers. On Natty's right ascend vines, supporting grapes, — the golden, the crimson, and the silver. Still farther back, and on the left, in the middle-ground, is falling water, backed by foliage, amid which are seen other falls. On the right of Natty, between him and the vines, is slightly indicated, by steps of a golden hue, a way of ascent, which is lost in fleecy vapor of a rosy, amber color, deepening into dark on the left of the head of Natty, and, there, is united by light, with a broad, simple wash of delicate rose-hue, which forms the upper corner of the picture on his left. The opposite corner, on the right, is of azure. The lower end of the painting, below the objects, represents the *natural atmosphere*, on which many of the objects are seen reflected, and is a deep blue. The composition is egg-form, with the small end up; and on the upper

end can be seen the indication of the *shell.* The shell, as such, was unintentional in me, being put there *without authority,* and intended for another purpose. That it is an eggshell was a subsequent observation; yet it has not been touched since the first painting. All the objects in the picture seem to be enclosed in the egg, and that seems to be floating in the atmosphere.

CHARLES L. FENTON.

Jan. 22, 1856.

CHAPTER IV.

SUBSEQUENT DISCLOSURES.

Late in October, 1855, Mrs. Leeds, Mrs. Little (formerly Miss Ellis), Miss Burbank, and Miss Bugbee, with three or four others, met us at the artist's room. The picture was then thought to be nearly finished; and we met to criticize and suggest. While the others were busily talking and comparing impressions and opinions about the work before us, Miss Burbank was dumb; but, as soon as we formed a circle and became quiet, she was impressed. Then, rising quietly and modestly from her seat, she was the instrument of a polished, simple, chaste address upon art and its influences. In soft and feeling tones, and in a smoothness of

style that would not mar the pages of Irving, the speaker, touching upon and comparing the influences of poetry, music, and painting, melted the hearts and enchained the thoughts of us all for fifteen or twenty minutes. After the obvious point of the address — viz., the *softening* influences of *painting* — had been beautifully stated, there came melting thanks to the artist for his patient toil, in behalf of "a circle of departed artists and lovers of the beautiful;" and not thanks alone, but seeds of hope that future and lasting joy would well up within him, because of his obedient and faithful course in this dawning hour of new triumphs in the art of painting.

An impressive and holy tone flowed over the little band, making us all feel that it was good for us to be there, and giving, for the time, a feeling that that upper room was then a tabernacle for pure and holy spirits. Not the artist alone, but all spirits and mor-

tals who had been used in procuring this picture, came in for a share of thanks and for blessings. Little Natty was distinctly, yet delicately and touchingly, commended for his playful, but adroit and persevering, labors in behalf of the ancient artists, — the true projectors of the work. Here — and now for the first time — were we told that Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Ben West, with other kindred spirits, had "*for years*" been wishing and striving to get their present conceptions of the beautiful on to man's canvas; had been wishing to have their present influences upon the world's arts recognized by man. And now, first, did they tell us that our little Natty was their co-worker, and that in all his winning ways and childish fascinations, by which he had won our love and made us willing to incur expense for his gratification, he had been but the willing, cheerful, untiring agent of the painter-angels. It has been no unwel-

come thing for us to learn, that, in requital of such services, Rubens has taken for him the likenesses of those the child loves most on earth, and that clairvoyants see those familiar earth-faces, adorned with haloes, garnishing the walls of Natty's exquisite bower in the bright spheres.

How far there is explanation now of the only point of conflict in the second chapter, each reader may judge. It was in the summer or autumn of 1854 that the likeness was was first promised me. The promise seemed to come in compliance with *my request;* and yet the "orange-boy" — the lithograph by Dollet, from Jules Laure, an impression of which reached us so strangely — came into the market, we are told, two or three years ago. It was not, therefore, in fulfilment of the promise to me that Ben West, as in the vision of Miss Bugbee, daguerreotyped Natty on the artist's brain. And can it be, that, prior to that promise, the artists above,

in furtherance of their design to make themselves once more recognized workers in earth's studios, had made the hand of Laure sketch unconsciously the head of an existing spirit, then hovering immediately over his active brain? When questions point to possibilities in spirit-land, we feel no competency to make answers; yet, if the inquiry can get an affirmative answer, Natty's prompt and unqualified promise of his likeness the instant it was asked for, as also the age of the lithograph, come into harmony with truthfulness. Complete darkness hung over this point till the picture was nearly finished, when the unseen artists told us that Natty had been their assistant, "*for years,*" in arranging for the present results. A shadowy explanation may be admissible where *shadows* are chief actors.

Our picture is not, in any proper sense, the *work* of spirits, for the *execution is by our artist;* yet he may have been so far

controlled as to show traces in the different parts of the peculiarities of several of those departed artists who exhibited to him the models, and infused their influences. We doubt whether the world is ready to see any thing of Ben West in the child's figure, of Raphael in the halo around the boy, or of Michael Angelo in the bolder and darker parts of the picture. There is no pretence or suspicion that those painters handled the brush; and, if their distinguishing conceptions were impressed upon Mr. Fenton, he may have failed to give them such embodiment as to make any observer detect resemblances of their peculiar styles. Yet they tell us that they have been much with him, bringing to bear such limited power as they could. That power may grow, does grow; and the imperfections of this first attempt through him may be gradually surmounted in their future efforts. Opportunities will

now come without effort. Abby shows *herself* to the artist now; and so do others.

Already one bereaved lady has asked for a portrait of her deceased husband; and the spirit of that husband has been seen by the artist in different costumes. This spirit has expressed a wish that choice of *costume* should be made by the survivors; also that his *face* shall be *as in life*, so as to be recognised by friends, but that the robes shall be suggestive of his present condition. Others are ready to give employment to the artist in the same line, provided the spirits are able and willing to show their forms and features. When more practice has been had in this line, and facility of execution under these circumstances been acquired, this artist, and others, may be able to furnish more finished pictures. The one already executed will be hung upon the wall of our parlor, 138, Eustis Street, Roxbury; where all will be welcome who desire to see it.

The persistence of the boy in requiring the *dog* may have been much more than a childish whim. Within a few days, the distinguished naturalist, Audubon, has said that there is a spirit-emanation from every animal, which ascends, and is immortal, and that spiritualized animals surround the spirits of those who love the animal creation; that birds and beasts are *caged by love;* and that the naturalist may pursue his studies under better circumstances above than on earth. No picture of spirit-scenery would be satisfactory to such as Audubon, unless it presented the contents of Peter's sheet, and taught that *no living* thing is common or unclean. All are cleansed by God; and man's highest purity need fear no pollution. Referring specifically to this painting, the great naturalist found it conforming to nature, in its blending the earthy and the spiritual; also man and the brute. If the purpose of the real authors of the picture is cor-

rectly seen, they were willing to shock our *notions*, and show us heaven *as it looks to them*, and not as *we fancy* it, — show it as *only earth-refined*, and yet as substantial to their eyes as rocks and trees and dogs and human flesh and bones are to ours.

Men little skilled in art and in natural history — men and women "unknown to fame" — are the *selected* agents. And why? Because, says Audubon, "can you teach the *theologian theology*?"

We are credulous; we *do believe*; and we thank God that we can be and do thus. We shall be arraigned; and yet the world is not a bad one. Men do not generally criticize and carp and ridicule because of festering malice. Such things are with them the play of the brain, rather than the work of the heart. Such sport tends to keep the world in order. Sometimes, indeed, a poor frog perishes, and others learn to hide in their native element: but the urchins gain

strength from exercise; and, though they do debar God's creatures from full enjoyment of his sunlight and from free hoppings upon his footstool, they do it with no unkind intent. Effects may seem bad; the instruments of order may and do become sometimes enslaving chains, do inspire awe, do dwarf the growth of freedom, do make a man more the slave of society, and less the free child of God, than is apparently for his highest good; and yet who *knows* even this? There is broader and deeper truth in the poet's declaration, "*Whatever* is, is *right*," than we are apt to comprehend. God's presence and power are in the *censor's brain* as much as in the most confiding heart. Beyond limits which he prescribes, no erratic comet can rove, no tornado spread desolation. The comet shall come back to its starting-point, the tornado shall hush itself to gentle breezes. *Among men*, as among the stars and the elements, God says,

"Hitherto, but no further." *We* work by his permission; critics and readers will do the same; and from the evil, be it on the one side or on the other, he will in time educe some good. Should these pages be no more than a monument to *our* delusion and weak credulity, perchance the inscription we here make may guide some future wanderers in safer paths. But if we mark the spot where angels came, and lead men thither to gaze at the bright-robed visitants, and to listen to their words of wisdom and of cheer, then our records, though foolish, may be as potent for good as the wisdom of the wise

We meant to have published before the holidays; but our unseen advisers said no, and added, that, when Mrs. Newton should return from Europe, there was more work to be done on the picture, and a few more statements to be furnished. That lady has now come back, and finds in the picture no

bird, no *white dove*, the constant attendant and the signal of Natty; neither does she find that emblem of *purity*, the *white lily*. These must go on, and a few changes be made.

On the night of the old year, through this lady, Natty gave permission to publish *now* what has come, and stated that we may do as we shall judge best with what will be disclosed hereafter. "One thing more," he says, "I must state, in reference to that picture, *now*. Its *true significance* you have not yet seen. I have *insisted* on having the *dog*, you know, and also upon having Natty *as a child*. The *dog* is a representative of *man's animal passions*. The *child* represents man *redeemed*: 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.' The dog in the picture, with his subdued look, standing with patient neck under the arm of the child, represents the animal passions curbed and in subjection. The *child* there speaks of innocence, purity,

cheerfulness, and confiding faith, as subduing the animal, and giving heavenly mastery to the spiritual. This child should be born in each one. In some persons, we see scarce any thing but the *dog;* in others, *the child* is partly formed, and in others more fully shaped. This child must be born *in* the medium before she can see it elsewhere, must be *in* the artist before he can paint it, and *in* each one before it can be seen on the canvas in its beauty and power. Oh! there is much to tell you; but I must do it when the medium is stronger."

Such were his last words in the old year. Here first came out the reason why he had asked and required a *dog,* and that a *black* one, — a reason why he was painted *as a child. Black dog,* to image forth animal passions; *a child,* to show these passions curbed by that spirit which fits for the kingdom of heaven. The ascendency of the *childlike spiritual* over the animal in man;

human redemption from the power of animal lusts; human redemption from all the harsher passions; the enthronement of childhood, and therefore of heaven, within the soul, — is the sermon of this picture. We thought we were simply playing with the playful child; and he makes the play preach over again one of the sweetest lessons that fell from the lips of Jesus.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

NATTY'S EARTH-LIFE.

NATHANIEL YOUNG was born and died. This is nearly the whole story.

The off-hand statement from his own flippant use of the medium's pencil gives him five days of life, and that about thirty-nine or forty years ago. Here ends his *auto*-biography. He claims *no knowledge*, and little accuracy as to dates or spaces of time, connected with his life here.

Mr. Timothy Young and wife, an aged couple in Chelsea, Mass., have just been seen; and they speak of being present at

the death and burial of a nephew, *Nathaniel,* son of Nathaniel and Elizabeth Young, who was born and died at Dover, N.H. This child lived, as they think, a few weeks in the autumn of 1815. My informants are the parents of Oliver Young, now in California, who is mentioned in the following pages, and in whose presence our acquaintance with Natty commenced. At the first interview, Natty claimed to be *brother* of Oliver; but the information from the other source makes him *cousin,* though cousin of peculiar nearness, because Oliver spent six years or more in his uncle Nathaniel's family, where he was treated as son and brother by Natty's parents, brothers, and sisters. Neither he nor any of his relatives were ever known to *us* till he came as a spirit in 1852; and Oliver alone among them was seen by us, and he only once, until January, 1856. No more can be said of his earth-life.

CHAPTER II.

SPIRIT-LIFE. — INTRODUCTORY.

Ours is a strange work, — the *biography* of a *spirit!* Who can write it? What more can it be than moonshine? Perhaps it will be no more, perhaps it will be even less, than moonshine; for moonbeams are realities, which sometimes gladden the heart, invite the eye to rest upon the orb from whence they come, and lift the thoughts to Him whose brightness makes the light of every natural ray. Shrubs or flowers brought from spirit-gardens will have grown within the domains of *Nature's* God. Such, however new, will yet be *natural;* and if perchance they have verily the look and smell of earth, they may, for that very rea-

son, be all the better suited to refresh and gratify mortals.

Glimpses of an ethereal visitant; words from lips thinner than air; smiles from a face rarer than a sunbeam; movements of a form more airy than morning mist; the life of a cherub, who *adopts us* as father and mother; the life of a gleesome spirit, whose constant worship of the heavenly Father, whose deep rills of wisdom, and whose ever-flowing streams of love and charity, often robe themselves in mirth, frolic, and dance, — these things are not easy for the pen to catch and portray: yet, if caught and dressed, they may give heart-food, bread of life, to some souls that grow lean at the tables which common theology and science and literature are wont to spread.

Whether these stranger-visitants, these new facts, are pilgrim fathers, before whom the aborigines within the reader will dwindle and retire; or whether, landing, like Cook,

upon strange shores, they are to be, like him, the victims of ignorance and superstition, — time will tell. They go forth in no hostile spirit: yet they do seek and demand a home on earth; and their smiles, their beneficence, their truthfulness and power, should some day win for them a welcome and peaceful abode in the hearts of men.

Proofs of spiritualism, that is, of the *fact* that departed spirits do communicate with man, belong to other works. *To us*, that fact has been proved beyond a question, and will be assumed in the following pages. The purpose *here* is to exhibit, *truthfully*, a few of the sayings and doings of one, and he *apparently* a little one, of our ethereal visitants; also to weave into the web of narrative a few threads from the many skeins of thought and feeling which he has wound upon our reels.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST AND SECOND INTERVIEWS.

"SPIRIT-WORKS, — real, but not miraculous," is the title of a lecture published by me about two years ago. In that work, I said, "Entering a medium's room one morning in early autumn of 1852, I saw a gentlemanly, intelligent man, apparently about thirty, sitting at the table, and putting questions. Soon a tiny rap was heard, and the name Natty was spelled out. 'Who are you?' said the man. 'I am *your brother*,' was the answer. 'No,' said the man: 'I had no such brother.' 'You had,' said the rapper. 'No,' said the man. 'Yes,' said the other. 'Well, let us see,' added the man. 'How old was you, Natty, when you died?'

'Five days,' was the answer. 'How long since you died?' 'Thirty-five years.' The gentleman here bit his lip in thought, and said, 'I believe there was an infant brother who died before I was born; but I thought they called him *Oliver*.' 'No,' was the response: 'they called him *Natty;* and I am he.' 'Natty,' said the man, '*how do you know* that I am your brother?' 'By love,' he answered. 'By love?' said the questioner. 'But don't you love others, as well as relatives?' *Ans.* 'We *like* others, and *love* relatives.' 'What,' it was then asked, — 'what is the difference between love and like?' The word 'LOVE' was immediately written in large letters, two or three inches long, and '*like*' was traced under it in *very small* letters. 'Natty,' continued the man, 'you are not my brother, but are some one else attempting to impose upon me.' 'I am your brother,' was the earnest rejoinder. 'Then will you tell me

what sphere you are in?' 'The fourth,' he said. 'The fourth, ah? Now I've caught you; for, as you died in infancy, you was fitted for the seventh sphere when you left the earth.' 'I *have been there*,' was the response. 'Have been there, and yet are now in the fourth? How is that? Are you moving backwards, — coming down?' 'No: I am an adviser in the fourth.' '*Adviser!* What is that? a sort of superintendent?' 'Yes.' 'Oh! you are in office, then?' 'Yes.' 'Do you get any pay? We pay well for such things here.' 'Yes, I get pay.' 'What pay?' '*The pleasure of seeing those under me progress.*' I then said to the gentleman stranger, 'Sir, you have found your *match*, if not your brother: I think I would own the relationship.' And, in continuance, I remarked that this seemed to be a very bright, cheerful spirit; when there was written, 'I am always laughing.' My next remark was, 'Natty, I should like

to make your acquaintance.' 'Hand out your card,' was the instant response. Finding no card in my pocket, I wrote, secretly, on a slip of paper, 'Mr. Allen Putnam, Eustis Street, Roxbury,' turned the paper over, placing the writing down upon the table, kept my hand over the paper, and asked Natty to make a copy. Instantly the medium's hand wrote, 'Mr. A. P., U. St., Rox.' The writing on my paper had been seen by me alone; and I was looking for a copy *in full*, yet received only abbreviations, Eustis being reduced to the simple letter U."

Here closed my first interview with him. Of course, my knowledge of his existence dates back only about three years. The name of the gentleman then present was Oliver Young.

The occurrences related above were pleasant, and for a time led to many speculations and conjectures about the condition, occupations, education, attractions, &c., of those

who left this life in very early infancy. But when a few weeks had passed, and other marvels were claiming attention, these scenes became nearly, if not quite, forgotten. Yet in February, 1853, Miss Ellis's hand, as soon as a seat was taken by me at her table, wrote, "Mr. A. P., U. St., Rox., I have used your card." "How?" I asked. *Ans.* "By showing it to Moses and Job, who will fight that old Chinaman, and come right in and take a chair." "Is *Job* a *fighter?*" said I. "Yes," said he, "a sort of one: ha! ha! ha!" "Will you describe that *old Chinaman,* Natty?" "Yes: in the first place, he has on his *perhaps* holy head a monstrous *brass crown;* in his venerable ears and nose, large hoops, made in the year *one;* a great long gown covers his *valuable* suit beneath; his moccasons turn up in utter *contempt;* and he handles a long pole, with which he keeps *me* off: but I am going to tickle his toes."

Such was the second interview; and, though mirth-provoking, it promised little in the way of awakening any abiding interest in Natty. He seemed but a lively plaything.

CHAPTER IV.

A DIGRESSION.

Mention of the "old Chinaman" induces a digression. In August, 1852, Miss Hoyt, now Mrs. Coan, came by invitation to my own dwelling, to sit as medium. This was the first effort to get manifestations at that place. Miss Hoyt, though a good medium both then and now, failed on that occasion *entirely:* not a rap, or response of any kind, was elicited.

One or two weeks later, Miss Ellis was invited out; but her success was *next to nothing*. Naturally, therefore, the questions occurred, whether the mediums ever did any thing more than practise tricks, and

whether the scrutiny was not too close for them in my parlor.

The matter was puzzling. *Rumor* soon told me that each of those mediums had come to my house *under protest from their guardian spirits,* and were *forewarned of failure.* Such statements only excited curiosity. To gratify that, I went to Miss Ellis's own room, where I seemed to be met by a remote ancestor. In the course of conversation, I said to him, "Are certain localities more favorable than others for these communings?" "Yes," was the answer. "Is it more difficult," I inquired, "to communicate out at my house than it is here?" "Yes," was his answer. "Because that house is *more damp* than this?" I asked. "Partly that," said he. "What other cause?" said I. "Do you wish to know?" he asked, in return; and there was unusual seriousness and earnestness in the tone. After thinking a moment, I said *yes,* and

said also, that if there was any thing in my character, or that of the members of my family, which repelled good spirits, it were well to know it, however severe or humiliating the lesson might prove. Then he answered, "There is a *bad spirit* hovering over your house." "Who is he?" asked I. "An old Chinaman," he responded. "In what respects is he *bad?*" I asked. "He is *not entirely bad,* but *very miserly,*" was the response. My next question was, "Are you unable to come where he is?" "*Can* come," said he; "but *he* makes it *very unpleasant.*" "Was his presence," I continued, "the reason why the spirit-friends protested against the medium's coming to my house?" "Yes," said he.

Now I could breathe freely again. The edge of the sharp question was blunted. Obviously I was in *bad company;* but this did not necessarily imply personal enormities. At a somewhat later day, it was told

me in my own house, through Col. Asa Wyman, of Roxbury, medium, "that an old *heathen hermit miser's* bones lie buried deep under the house; and that his spirit hovers over the spot much of the time, though occasionally it lingers over some treasures in Townsend;" also, "that, when that spirit is here, good spirits do not find it pleasant to approach."

Feb. 23, 1853, at Miss Ellis's, in Boston, I asked for the name of the spirit who was rapping, and received for answer, "Carnilo Hootnaw." "Who or what are you?" said I. *Ans.* "I am one that watches over his bones, under your house." Natty's "old Chinaman," and the description of him, flashed up before the mental vision, and excited more of pleasure than of awe. Understanding that either Hootnaw was my host, or that I was his, and that we must nightly make our bed near each other, my wish was to be friends with him, and to be

his benefactor, if such could be my privilege. Even *he* received a kind greeting; *any spirit* whatsoever should: for *kindness* — the genuine article — *kindness* is more potent with these visitants, who read the heart, than it is with man. And there has yet come to me *no one*, among all the many selfish, malicious, haughty, infidel spirits that have accosted me through the mediums, — there has yet come *no one* whom kind words and kind wishes have not softened; though, in some cases, weeks, and even months, elapsed before the melting mood came on. The worst who come to us can all be softened by cups of simple cold water, given in the name and spirit of *charity*. Let them come, — the blackest of them all, — and, God helping, one may safely strive to help them first believe, then tremble, then hope, then aspire. The "spirits in prison" were preached to of old; and the earnest soul can reach them now, and bear to them the terms

of deliverance, — glad tidings of peace to the troubled, hope to the desponding, joy to the wretched.

A band of Indians, too, with an *old* Black Hawk as sachem, claim a few acres under and around our dwelling, as once the site of their wigwams, and title to which they have never quitclaimed. The lofty chieftain still maintains possession. Spirit-visitors here seem intruders, unless invited or permitted by him. Three years ago, and pale-faced spirits found little welcome at his council-fire; but *now* the springs of gratitude in that deep, capacious soul have been reached and opened, and the waters thence flow unstinted, furnish us refreshing drinks, and bear to us many gifts from spirit-land.

A mother's love, — how inventive, how untiring, how potent! Some children of this red man's tribe, murdered by the whites, went *prematurely* to the spirit hunting-grounds, and have suffered loss from

being shoved aside from Nature's course, which is always best. The Christian spirit-mother, whose child lives beneath our roof, finds those little children of the red man whom her own race had murdered, becomes to them mother, teacher, helper, in the spheres, till the wrong her fathers did has been measurably repaired; and, *for that,* Indian gratitude bids *her* welcome to the chieftain's wigwam, and gives her access to her own *loved one.*

A patient listening to his tale of wrongs, a hearty welcome to the lofty chief whenever he has been disposed to make his presence known, have won his favor to me and mine. Clairvoyants generally see the stately and bright sachem, attended by a small band of his followers, escort to our parlor any band of our kindred or teachers who visit us from the spheres, when we take mediums to our fireside. The red men seem to be the hosts: our friends conform to their

wishes; but the hospitality is genuine. *These* Indians are a noble band, robed in richest costume, and radiating a light before which many a white spirit's halo pales and darkens. They are fit recipients of the pure, the refined, the glorified. Kind and hospitable entertainers of all whom we love, and of all who seek us in kindness, these lovers of hills over which they once roamed in freedom, — lovers of the graves of their fathers, and of the spot where their own bones repose, — these are our doorkeepers and our watchmen. We are guarded by all the fidelity and keen-sightedness of the noblest and truest Indian friendship. So read many visions.

Helped by these worshippers in Nature's spacious temple, Abby, the mother (my first wife), has disarmed the Chinaman of his hostility, loosened the chain which bound him to his corrupting treasures, and lured him up to the fourth sphere. "Father,"

said Natty, in reference to this, "you know not half the good she does." No, Natty, I do not know; yet, remembering what she *was*, I can fancy her pathway in the spheres to be illuminated with Heaven's most winning smiles, and fenced in by continuous monuments of beneficence. Rare powers to win love and do good, when cramped in the earthly form, must make a loved and an efficient angel in the skies. Not the noble red men alone, but Carnilo Hootnaw the *miser*, have softened, expanded, refined, and beautified, in the copious and genial rays of a mother's love, mingled with those of a charity which knows no race, color, or condition. Such the lesson taught. Can mortals get any sweet and strengthening news concerning their loved ones in the spirit-land? Is Spiritualism barren of sweet fruits?

A full account of all the scenes connected with the pitiable and suspicious miser, and with the proud, reserved, but *noble* sachem,

and of the processes by which the one has been disarmed of selfishness and offence, and taught to unfold and refine, and by which the confidence and friendliness of the other have been gained, would make a *volume*, which would contain some chapters of *thrilling* interest; but more has been told than will find ready credence, and more apparently than belongs to our present subject. Yet, by "tickling the old Chinaman's toes," or, in other words, by his potent smile, winning ways, and kind acts, Natty has promoted good-humor, and been an efficient helper; and thus the digression is not all aside from *his* history.

CHAPTER V.

PLAY BLOSSOMS INTO PIETY.

We return to Natty. At a single sitting, two of our female spirit-friends described their separate modes of working for *man's elevation.* Then Natty said, "Let my mamma come?" — "Certainly." And she wrote, —

"My Friend, — You must not be angry with my darling boy. It ofttimes grieves me to have him, *so pure,* use such wild phrases.

"I am your friend, as a soldier in the cause,

"Elizabeth Young."

Next Natty took the pen and wrote, —

"I am a little fellow; yet I feel that I can do some good in this great world. Only a few short hours did I breathe the tainted air of sin. My tiny spirit, like a

small bird, rose above its earthly parents' wings to heaven. I found that I did not spring up spontaneously; therefore I sought to find out from whence I did come. So, following a troop of angels, I found out there was another planet, inhabited by such odd and grotesque beings. ['Don't slander us poor mortals, Natty,' I said. 'Oh, no!' he replied; 'good folks, good folks.'] I could not bear to see them clustered around a board, and in fear asking for *tests*. I wanted to see a seraphic smile on their countenances; so I just commenced to make them smile, and I found I had lots to do. I am happy; always laughing; and, as the other angel says, *I will help to bring about the same end.*"

Finding him the companion of the pure and good, and getting the avowal, that, in exciting to laughter, his purpose was to *raise us* above gloom, superstition, and *dread of "ghosts;"* finding him helping to bring about the same good end which bright angels had at heart, — finding all this, the mirth-provoking boy began to loom up as an angel of glad-heartedness and of *smiling* piety. Not many days after, when, in the

presence of a clairvoyant, I unfolded this view of him, and expressed myself his debtor for the cheerfulness he was throwing over the subject of Spiritualism, and the gladness with which every thought of him filled my heart, she instantly saw him, as she said, "lift his brow to heaven, and in a most gladsome *dance*, while every feature and limb emitted the softest and brightest halo, express, in most graceful attitudes and motions, his thanks to God that he was understood, and that I was conscious of benefits from him. It seemed to be with him," she said, "a moment of ecstatic joy, finding heavenward expression through every particle of his ethereal form."

Learning by observation that abundance of kind and devout feelings flowed along the same channels in which his mirth was ever running, the playful boy became a welcome visitant.

He was also found to be a willing, fleet,

and trusty errand-boy to our spirit-friends. Usefulness was his element, though wit and mirth would flow through all his reports. He was more than welcome: we *loved* him. Seeing or feeling this, he said, "Now that you own relationship, what shall I call you?" — "As you please, Natty: call me uncle or father." He answered, "Uncle, I think; yes, uncle and aunty." In a few months, however, he took most frequently the nearer relationship, and gratified us by using the terms father and mother.

The reader will notice an unusual interchange of the words *I* and *we* in this composition. There is a reason for this. Happily my present companion harmonizes with me in faith, and in affection for Natty. In many of the scenes described, she has been present, and is essentially joint author. The "*we*," therefore, in many cases, is used to designate our joint authority or approbation.

While yet a *nephew*, Natty said, —

"I have to wander about considerable in these parts, and occasionally want a home. Now, as you own the relationship, I would like to have some one room in the house that I may call mine." — "Yes, Natty, take your choice." — "Thank you. I will take the one where aunty keeps her *flowers*. I will be a *rose*, shedding the divine fragrance among the green leaves." To this all agreed; and, though the statement will have credence with but a small part of the world, Natty shows to us, through mediums who seldom enter our doors, that he takes notice of the growth and blossoming and position of the flowers there; also that he notes changes in the position of furniture in all parts of the house. He *is one of the family*.

Though we are little impressible, yet perhaps sometimes he makes his presence actually *felt*. But let that be all fancy. Even then mind brightens under thoughts of

him, and heart grows cheerful; the influence is sunny, and we gladly cherish it: it seems to come from *above*, and it tends to carry *us upward*.

His declaration, often made, that he loves the meeting at the family *altar*, and daily makes one in the group of worshippers there, has an elevating power, the like of which, if felt in every house, would help lift mortals up and bring angels down to happy and elevating communion. Among all the influences of spirits and Spiritualism, none other in our experience is so holy and purifying as that which makes attendant angels listeners and co-supplicants with us in the hour of prayer. This service becomes affectionate, earnest, and *cheerful;* and it brings, more than formerly, courage, self-control, and a charity reaching, or willing, wishing to reach, wide as the realms of humanity, and make its possessor more like *Him* whose gentle rains fall as freely upon the unjust as upon others.

Who would wish to cut us off from the joy and help we get *in the hour of prayer* from the presence of *such a child*, even if he were but the creature of our fancies? Do not that, good friends, but rather let your own fancies call around *yourselves* bright cherubs to join with you in acts of prayer; for even fancied ones, if you deem ours such, — yes, fancied ones, — may fan the flames of daily and hourly devotions, and become helpers heavenward. When I read this *last passage* in the presence of a medium, the Indian chief Red Jacket said through her, —

> "And *we* hover round when the hour of prayer
> Comes on at the close of even;
> 'Midst the hallowed family band *we*'re there,
> And *we bear those prayers to heaven.*"

The chief said these lines were not original with him, but they flowed out he knew not why. The *fact is eloquent and touching*, whoever, above or below, may utter it. *Spirits bear our prayers to heaven.*

CHAPTER VI.

NATTY'S PRATTLINGS.

Some of the sayings of our little companion have been pencilled down; but the most of them have never been recorded. A few that were noted down, and others that are well remembered, will be given to the reader. And what will they be? — specimens of angelic wisdom? Perhaps so; and the tone and manner will come in direct conflict with the solemn air and voice which our common education leads most minds to expect from spirits. A new lesson is being learned; heaven is a *happier* place than our teachers have told us; there is more playfulness, more naturalness, more fun and frolic, more mingling of the gay with the grave, where

the departed dwell, and in the hearts of good spirits above, than we had been trained to believe.

It is Natty's mission, in part, to help make the world *better* by making it *laugh.* There would be little fidelity to the heavenly purpose in trying to make the angel's words conform to the expectations of those who *know nothing* about the characteristics of heaven's inhabitants. What an angel *should* do can best be learned by observing what he *does.* Seeing us timid, long-faced, and afraid of ghosts, Natty wanted to draw out "a seraphic smile upon men's faces; and he found he had *lots to do,*" before the smile would come and *stay.* Let him take his own course, and talk in his own way. It were unwise to hinder his beneficent design; therefore his words will not be pruned to meet the *sober* taste of common faith.

The prattlings of childhood become stale and lifeless when put in print. But have a

little patience; for the mouths of babes are sometimes channels of greater naturalness, and more perfect praise, than often come through the lips or pens of learning and eloquence.

Natty says, "My friend, you must not put on a long face when you come to talk with supposed *ghosts*. You must not believe all they tell you to."

Good advice, though from young lips. Spiritualists, many of them, need it *much*. We are too prone to drop the chin, to become grave and solemn, to be awed, at the thought of spirit-presence; too prone also to take what comes through mediums as unerring and authoritative. "Prove all things;" "try the spirits."

To others also, to "rulers and pharisees," the spirit of his advice will be very useful, *provided* they should be waylaid or entrapped by a modern ghost. Let such laugh rather than shrink and fear; for little

Natty, and such as he, are very harmless, playful ghosts, whom smiles entice. Smile and be cordial when they come; for perchance you may commune with angels of God, who bring heavenly messages for all "*that have ears to hear.*"

Natty. "*We* do not become free at twenty-one; for I am *a child* at more than thirty."

True, a child in earth's matters; scarcely more than three years old as a talker and actor and learner among men. What more than a child can we look for? In the spheres, he is an angel of near forty; on earth, of less than four. He comes to *learn* as well as to teach; and childhood gives the truest expression of his relation to us. Ponder this; think of your own kindred who left earth in infancy. What features and what stature does the mind give to them? Does Natty clash with your spontaneous, unstudied mental pictures of your own spirit-infants? And, should *they* come to you,

would you know them if they were other than little children? We are taught that spirits grow, and yet "have power to assume any form which the occasion requires." To the *form assumed*, whatever that may be, they will most likely fit both word and action. Childish words and ways befit a child's form.

Natty. "Please set a plate and chair for me, pa, at your Thanksgiving dinner. I won't eat much, nor take up much room."

Hospitality gets sweet reward, cheerfulness feels new life, sense of bereavement or of loneliness parts with its chill, when kissed by the rays of a faith that —

> "There are more guests at table than the hosts Invited."

Mrs. Putnam asked our messenger to call her spirit-mother. Off he went in a flash, but soon returned, saying, "I forgot to ask her name. Only fancy me running about

through the spheres, all out of breath, and asking all the spirits if they know Mrs. A. P.'s mother!" — "*Sarah* B——," was the response. He vanished, but soon came back, exclaiming, "Here she is, — *Sally* B——." The mother had come. Friends always called her *Sally*. Reader, swift and willing messengers stand waiting to bear *your* invitation up to loved ones in the spheres.

Once, while he was using a medium, a hand-organ began to grind its grist under the window. Natty was missing, but soon came back, saying, "I've been out on the organ, playing *monkey*. I can go it grandly, *all but the tail*. Father, when you come to see me, you will find that *Natty and music* mean the same thing." More of fun comes from above than is dreamed of in *some* philosophies.

When he was gazing at a stranger, through medium-eyes, the stranger was introduced to him as Mrs. *Branch*. "Think I'll hop

on to that *branch,* and pay toll with a song." Afterwards, being asked to flit to that branch, he said, "*When the cherries are ripe.*" She was a medium, but not then well suited to *his* powers. Not all spirits can use the same instruments.

While at our table, the medium wrote, "Call that little man Natty." — "*What* little man?" we asked. "The one over the fire-place," was the reply. Looking toward the mantle-piece, we saw there a toy of the house, — a gutta-percha image, — a little consequential man of ludicrous or rueful visage according to the pressure applied. Think of a *spirit* with *such* a form and face, think of *such a form and face* as being the likeness of a *laughing cherub,* and you may fancy that the ludicrous produced in us convulsions of laughter. Soon he wrote, "Give me a clean cravat; mine is dirty." Taking the image to the table, we found its neck bound in a dirty white tape. Pink ribbon

was soon substituted. Afterwards he often asked for change of raiment; and, especially when I met stranger-mediums abroad, he would send some directions to "*mother*" or "*aunty*" about his dress. Once he said, "Aunty, I want a new coat: it is not becoming a *gentleman's* son to appear in company *out* at the elbows." Finding me less cheerful than usual one morning, he broke the spell by the following allusion to the colors he had worn: "*I* never had the *blues* in my life, *excepting* when I had *my blue coat on.*" The gutta-percha started up before me in a twinkle, and laugh I must.

Coming one evening as the herald of higher spirits, and putting us in fit trim to receive *them cheerfully*, he withdrew for an hour, but then popped back, saying, "I have been out playing with the spirit-boys this moonlight night." "What was your sport, Natty?" "Chasing the steamboat, and playing with the dancing lights upon

her wake." Mother, can your lost infant find innocent sports with playmates in the spheres?

Dec. 23. — My spirit-wife, beckoning with the medium's hand to something above, said, "Come, little messenger-bird, — come and scatter thy sweet flowers. Natty is *our fleet messenger*, known through *all* the spheres. His winning smile gains him admission *everywhere*. He is in high glee to-night."

Instantly seizing the instrument, he said, "Uncle Put, hang up my stocking; *but don't put a switch* in it. I've been round among the boys, about these times, to see what they are up to; and now, who shall we have for Santa Claus? I think *I'll* have aunty."

Meeting a sedate lady for the first and only time in my life, her hand was moved to write something which she refused to read aloud, or to show, *because it was silly.* Suspecting *who* the *wag* might be, I asked him

to write my name. "Uncle Toby," came through the reluctant hand. "What," my next question was, — "what do you call my wife?" — "Aunty Prim," came from the pencil. "Now," said I, "write your own true name;" and "Ding-dong-bell" was written. Never was modest medium more ashamed of words that would be written, *nolens volens.*

A clairvoyant saw the boy ride into the midst of a large circle *on the back of an intruding dog.* Coming near to her, he whispered, "I thought you were getting too much of the spiritual, so I have brought *a little animal.*

Tush! nonsense! you say. Why print such stuff? Mainly, good reader, to furnish a little of the evidence there is that *human nature,* soaring to the spheres above, remains *human nature still;* that the laughing, frolicsome child may at times laugh and frolic on, though taken to another home. *God is good.*

The lesson admits of wider application. What we *have been* makes us what we *are:* the present is, and ever will be, the *natural outgrowth* from the past. Now and for ever, "whatsoever one *sows,* that shall he also *reap.*" When he shall *sow good seed,* and till well the crop to maturity, then, and not till then, shall he be admitted to the feast upon good things. But *how* know *what seed* will give good fruits? Of little children, and such as they, is the kingdom of heaven; and Natty, coming from there, full to running over of fun and frolic, shows us, that, in the soil and climate of the upper fields, the seeds of laughter and merriment germinate and thrive, and bear fruit fit to lay upon the altar of thanksgiving to Him who laughs in the merry song of the bird, and smiles through the petals of the daisy or the rose. And when sown among other seeds, upon the soil we are now cultivating, why may not the stalks from them tower

as high into the heavens, and ripen their pleasant fruits as well in upper regions, as those from aught else that we can sow? The sports and frolics and loud laughs of a Thanksgiving or Christmas evening may be not merely more congenial to the tastes of little children, but also more fitted to furnish the food they will relish at the festive board in the land to which such go, than are the long, solemn prayers and the protracted services of the church on those days.

Possibly it has been judged in other regions that it would be better for men to become like their own little children, than for them to try to teach those little children to become *such men* as they themselves now are; better that our teachers and pupils should exchange positions; better that the little ones should be left to lure us, by *example*, to follow the higher law published on their spontaneous words and acts, than that we should school them to obey the dwarfing rules of custom and sombre

view of God's government. In the form of a playful child, Natty may be better suited to our truest wants, and our existing condition, than he would be as a grave and wise spirit of twoscore. True, we may *think* ourselves prepared to enter any *college*, — nay, that we might start at once *sophomores* in spiritual love; but the A B C of Spiritualism has been mastered by few as yet. Who is old enough to even attend the infant school? Better for most of us to play with *infants* a while longer, to find *some Natty* to prattle nature with, and get vigor enough to climb out of the cradle, the standing-stool, — ay, down the steps and out of doors, — and then learn to walk alone on Nature's carpet, before we choose our teachers or select our school. The teachers *should be* better judges of modes and matter of instruction wanted than their pupils. When angels come, though as children, let them give true angelic lessons, and not be forced to meet the demands of *our wise ignorance.*

CHAPTER VII.

HIS DOINGS AND SAYINGS.

The child does not always move on the same plane. We give a few more of his sayings and doings, which differ somewhat from the preceding.

On a cloudy morning, we failed for a long time to get any thing through our medium, though she was usually a very facile one. At length her pencil began, and wrote, —

"23, 5, 3, 1, 14, 14, 15, 20, 3, 15, 13, 13, 21, 14, 9, 3, 1, 20, 5, 20, 15, 4. 1, 25. "Natty."

A puzzle, this. After spending several minutes in attempts at solution, it occurred to one present that these *figures* might be substitutes for *letters*. No sooner was this

mental question distinctly raised, though not uttered, than the medium pointed to that person, saying, "He has guessed it." Then, calling 1 A, 2 B, &c., we put W in place of 23, and E in place of 5. The sentence, thus deciphered, read, —

"We cannot communicate to-day."

"Then, Natty," said I, "how did you make those figures?" *Ans.* "I am a genius." — "True," was my rejoinder; and I added, "We would like another product of your genius." Instantly, and rapidly as sight could follow, we had —

"15, 4, 20, 21, 16, 5, 13, 14, 9, 1, 19, 19, 1, 12, 7, 5, 19, 1, 3, 4, 14, 1, 4, 14, 5, 19, 3, 13, 15, 20, 5, 8, 20, 18, 9, 1, 6."

Then, trying the former process, we found, o, d, t, u, p, e, m, &c. When the medium and all of us had tried several minutes to find a solution, her hand caught the pencil, and wrote, "Stupid folks! can't you read

backwards?" Taking the hint, we found that od (significant word), with the letters changed in position, made *do*, and that tup made *put*, and that the whole read, "Do put me in a glass case, and send me to the Fair." This happened just before the Spiritualist Fair of the autumn (October, 1854), and I have regarded it as one of the most singular productions of *odyle* that has come under my notice. Such an agent would require a full course of education at President Mahan's college before it could come up to such facility of execution as it here displayed.

This was furnished some time in early autumn of 1854; and it contains an obvious allusion to *the picture*, though at that time there was not, and never had been, a thought in the mind of any person in the body, so far as I can judge, that his likeness was to be taken at any time.

This case gives intelligence *singularly*

displayed; and it involves, whether such was the design or not, a prophecy which has been substantially fulfilled.

Again he said, "Your little daughter (a child of mine that never breathed earth's air) — your little daughter often comes, *or is sent,* to you, *as all little spirits are* to their parents, so that they may learn *who* are their parents, and not be left to wander about through the spheres, and call anybody whom they meet father and mother, because they don't know who the right ones are." It does the parental heart no harm to learn that the child which fled before perception and conscious love unfolded is yet brought back to fan the parent's brows, to kiss parental lips, and nestle on its earthly father's breast; to learn *who* the father or mother is, and thus be prepared to discern relationship, and rush to give us the *filial embrace,* when *our* spirits shall leave the form, and long to meet our kindred in the skies.

At a house where spiritualists congregate, and where the manifestations are frequent and distinct, he said to me, on Christmas Day, "Wish you a merry Christmas. Why don't you bring all the folks here, — my cousin, and those at the other house? It would do them all good." — "No, Natty: it would do them no good while their hearts are closed against you." — "They are not closed *always*. I have a way of peeking into their thoughts, and can tell what they want. They are sensitive plants. When they sit down *alone*, the leaves open, and seek our sunlight and the dewdrops we sprinkle. I can look in then; but, when you and mother come near, they close up, for fear you will look in too. *Sensitive* plants, and *century* plants also, — slow in maturing, but valuable when they come to blossom. Bring them here, and they will believe at least that *Natty comes;* and that will please you, Uncle Put." From the

child's lips, there slip out many tidbits of information, which help us to judge of the time and way to hold the cup of knowledge to the lips of those whom we love. Until they thirst for the rills that flow from above, the waters, if borne to them, would stand untasted. Our monitor will see the signs of thirst when it comes on; and, at his promptings, we will hand them the goblet with pleasure.

In this connection may come in the following burst from his lips: —

"O pa! the great *sun of truth*, that now gilds the eastern horizon, will yet shine upon *all those whom I love*. The hidden diamond of love will be sought for more patiently. Some truth-seeking mortal will pluck it from its resting-place, and distribute it among mortals. It will fall as valued seed in many uncultivated gardens; and passing gardeners will transplant the shoots into

pearly pots, and generously offer to mortality. Going to dine with you to-day."

From such an interview, one must needs sit down at the Christmas-board believing that invisible guests throng his table, filled with a love like His whose nativity was heralded by the angelic song, "Peace on earth, good-will to man." Faith sings it anew, both for Him of old, and for all who now descend in his Father's name.

One lovely morning in May, Natty gave us, —

> "Each flower, each plant, each stem, that grows,
> But to the *heart* perfection *throws;*
> And each doth some sweet anthem sing,
> In honor of these days of spring, —
> The spring of *truth* we mean,
> That sends warm rays of wisdom,
> While it blends harmonious chords
> From Nature's bower,
> On *hearts* to paint the purest flower."

A gathering of spiritualists in a grove was to come off in a few days. I had given the question of attendance no particular

thought; when he said, "Go to the temple of Nature, father, on Wednesday next, to recreate. Tell mother to go, too, to the *nicpic*, Wednesday the 20th, if the sky don't leak; and, if it does, then the first day that God smiles. Those gatherings (Spiritual picnics) do good, *if we can rule.*" In this case, as in all others, he wished me to exercise my own judgment. I did so, and remained at home. But the little *if*, put in by him, stands doorkeeper to a great matter. Spirits are not always more powerful than man. Because of unbelief, Jesus did not, on one occasion, do many mighty works.

"Did you ever go a-fishing, father?" — "Yes, Natty; but why ask that?" *Ans.* "Because of the way in which you bait your hook." — "Explain; for I don't understand." — "Why didn't you hook that preacher by the gills with one hand, and sweep a net around the congregation with the other?

They are all in; there is terrible splashing in the water: but they can't get out."

One more word from him, and he shall be dismissed from the stand till others have spoken. But he will not be idle: he says, "I must hie me away to the fair sunny hills of the spirit-land, and study my Latin lesson. Good-by!"

"Tarry with us," — says Abby to him, — "tarry with us, bright messenger-bird! Thy brow was never touched by the finger of Care. There is much wisdom in *thee*. Thy voyage over the ocean of life was but a span. Thou partedst from the friends of earth *to cheer them unseen*. Come, touch thy sweet harp to cheer the lone traveller. Many have been touched by thy magic wand. Much good hast thou done, little fairy-bird! Float, float on thy way."

CHAPTER VIII.

PAT'S TESTIMONY.

PAT MAGUIRE, who touchingly thanks Natty and others for help to rise out of purgatory, may tell his story now. We copy our account and comments from the "New-England Spiritualist" of May 5, and June 23:—

"Sitting one day by the side of a medium, she was influenced by a spirit calling himself 'Pat,' who offers pretty good evidence that he was my acquaintance while in the form. Instead of speaking about himself, he volunteered to speak about my little spirit-friend Natty. He first asked,—

"'And what do you suppose I saw the boy about the other day?'

"'I can't guess,' was my answer: 'just tell me.'

"'Well, you know, he was passing along through the strate, and he saw a poor, feeble old man sawing

slow at the log of wood; and, without so much as stopping to ax a question to see whether the old man had the brogue or not, the little boy jumped upon his back, and pushed at his elbows; and the saw it jumped and it flew; and the old man he thought it must have got *graced*, it run so; and he looked, and he couldn't find the *grace;* and he looked round to see if it wasn't the elbow *grace*, and he couldn't find that. And the boy he kept pushing and pulling; and he helped the old man saw all the sticks, and get his few coppers the sooner to get the bread for his childers. And, when it was done, the little boy was all out of breath, and all of a sweat; but he jumped up, and, faith, he was a half a foot taller for that same.'

"So much from one spirit concerning the kindness and beneficence of another.

"Be the above spiritual or not in origin, it contains a pleasant moral or two. Cheerfulness and energy, imparted by any of us to the *mind* of the desponding and weak, will give vigor to the laborer, and facilitate the accomplishment of his tasks. Also the aid we give to others will promote our own *upward* growth. For each kindly act, any soul may perhaps become 'a half a foot taller for that same.'"

Again: —

"'Come, Natty, come!' says Pat, beckoning at vacancy with the medium's hand. 'Come, Natty,

come!' Then, turning to me, he said, 'Bad luck to yer 'onor, iv yer think to have the boy the blessed day!'

"'Why don't he come, Pat? What is he about?'

"'*Aboot*, is it? He's got a wee bit of a baby in a basket of fluers [flowers], an' is showing it the nosegay, an' making it laugh.'

"'How came *he* by a *baby?*'

"'Why, yer 'onor, ye see, as Natty was passing along the *strate* down yonder, he went into a poor house, an' there he found a wee bit of a baby, an' it was sickly an' fable an' cold an' hungry. And Natty he went till it, an' he brathed into it, an' on to it, an' around it, an' he made the wee bit thing think it had had its supper, an' was comfortable like; an' it went off to slape, an' it slept the night. He came the next day to see it, an' the wee thing was no better; an' so Natty he went up to consult the big spirits aboot it, an' they concluded it was *chaper* to take the wee thing up there. So Natty he come back to fetch it, an' he's put it in a basket of bright *fluers*, an' he is tending an' showing it the fluers, an' making it smile, an' taking it round to find its godfather an' its godmother. Indade, when I was with you, I thought it was them that stood at the font that was to be the godfathers an' godmothers always; but, now I have come here, I see it is *them that loves 'em best.* The boy can't come to ye till he has found 'em.'

"Such were the reasons Pat gave why my little friend could not come *then*. He was finding for an infant spirit its spirit-parents. *Duties elsewhere* may often detain the spirit-friends upon whom we call.

"Does the infant, while in the body, receive soothing influences from attendant spirits? and, when the embryo soul leaves the earth, is it taken in charge by some kind and attentive inhabitant of the ethereal realms? Have wise spirits above any power to determine whether it is best to take a spirit out of its sickly body, or to leave it where it is? Are they, under God, his trusted reapers, set to gather in when in their judgment it is best so to do? Pat's statement suggests such inquiries; but we know too little yet to give the proper answers.

"Every reader will smile at the quaint remark, that 'the big spirits concluded it would be *chaper* to take the wee thing up there.' Many may think that the words border upon irreverence. Not necessarily so. If spirits are allowed to advise for us with the same freedom in which we advise each other, why may they not consider whether, on the whole, they can best promote the good of a sickly infant by releasing it from its body? Should they conclude that such a course was best, Pat would very naturally say '*chapest.*'

"That Spiritualism admits of cheerfulness, or even playfulness, when speaking of the future life and of that event which constitutes birth into the spheres

above, is obviously true; and, if Pat were in this case moved by genuine mirthfulness, there might be no more impropriety in it than there is in the smiles and playful remarks with which we welcome the new-born child to our domestic circle. God forbid! — yes, that God who causes that the first workings of intelligence within shall mantle the infant's face with smiles, and thus shows that mirthfulness is the soul's first condition, — may He forbid us to argue that any thing is wrong, on the sole ground that it removes gloom from the bereaved, and lets them robe their own faces in the hues of bright hope and cheerful faith."

CHAPTER IX.

PROCURING MEDICINE.

A CASE in which Natty worked jointly with the spirits of our blood-relations to bring us the means of health, though published before, must have a place in this biography. We take once more from a "New-England Spiritualist" of 1855: —

"MR. NEWTON, — During the latter part of December last, and through most of the month of January, I was troubled with an unusual cough, and with irritation of the surface of the throat. My wife had ailings which would be *named* the same as mine, though they were not as unusual with her as with me. Common, simple remedies were used by us, and were perhaps all that our cases required. We certainly did not think it very needful to seek for any prescriptions, other than our own experience and knowledge would suggest; and yet some medicines were furnished us which we

did not solicit. *The story which attaches to them* is interesting to us, and possibly may prove so to some of your readers.

"One evening about the middle of January, Mrs. Sisson, of Somerville, being at home, with no one present but her husband, was impressed, and, in the state, told her husband to take pen and write. She then gave the ingredients and proportions for six different medicines, and stated that she herself must procure the articles and prepare the compounds. The husband asked what spirit was making the prescriptions. *Ans.* 'Natty Putnam. You may call it Putnam, though that is *not the true name*.' Mr. Sisson then asked, 'Who do you want the medicines for?' *Ans.* 'For my father and mother; that is, *I call* them so, though they are not.' (This 'Natty' often comes to Mrs. P—— and myself, and manifests much attachment to us both, though in no way related to either. His *true name* was *Young*. He lived only five days on earth, but would now be, if living in the form, between thirty-five and forty years old. It is his pleasure to present himself as an *infant in size*, though he gives evidence of having an old head on his young shoulders.)

"Mrs. Sisson procured the materials, and complied with all the directions for boiling and mixing. While doing this, she supposed that her preparations were for the use of a couple by the name of Putnam; but as to where they lived, what were their Christian names,

what was their state of body or of mind, she had no knowledge and no definite thought. Shortly after the medicines had been prepared, she met a friend of ours in Boston, to whom she told her story. This friend, hearing the names 'Natty' and 'Putnam' in connection, said at once, 'Why, Mr. Putnam, of Roxbury, is meant; for he has a spirit by the name of Natty, who often comes to him.'—'Well,' said Mrs. Sisson, 'it may be so; but I shall not send the medicines to him, for he is an entire stranger to me.' Two or three days later, *I* met this Boston friend, who told me what Mrs. Sisson had said and done, and who advised me to find her. 'No,' was my answer: 'she is a stranger, and I shall not intrude.' On the following *Monday* evening, I met a circle at Mrs. Leeds's, 45, Carver Street, Boston, Mrs. Leeds being the medium. While at the table, my little friend Natty made known his presence; when I at once asked him if he had been preparing any medicines for us. 'Yes,' he answered, 'Charles and I have.'—'How shall we obtain them?' was my next question. He said, 'I will make her bring them over to you.'—'When?' I asked. 'Wednesday, perhaps,' he replied. My wife said, 'No, not Wednesday, Natty; for I am engaged that day.' I then said, 'Natty, bring her over to dine with us *to-morrow*.'—'I'll try,' he said; and he was gone.

"The next day, at about five minutes before our dining-hour, the door-bell of my house on Eustis Street,

Roxbury, was rung. Going to the door myself, I met there a stranger-lady, with bottles in her hands. 'Mrs. Sisson, I presume,' was my salutation. 'Yes; and is this Mr. Putnam?' she replied. After a few minutes, when seated in the parlor, I said to Mrs. Sisson, 'How happened you to come *here*, and to come *to-day*?' She answered, '*Last evening*, I was impressed that I must leave my work to-day, and take those medicines over to a Mr. Putnam, in Roxbury. This morning, it being ironing-day, — and I do my own work, — I decided that I would go about my work at home, and not come over to-day; but, when I tried, I could not do my work, for something within said, You must go over *to-day*. So I started, — came over into Washington Street, Boston, and saw omnibus after omnibus pass me, lettered "Roxbury;" but something said, "Not that one, not that one;" till, as the fifth or sixth came along, the voice said, "Get in." I obeyed; and, after riding a mile or more, I asked the driver if he could tell me where Mr. Putnam, of Roxbury, lived. "Which Mr. Putnam," he asked; "the minister, or the coal-dealer?" "I don't know," I said. "I can't tell you, then; for they are a mile apart, on different routes." So said the driver. While riding on, in uncertainty as to where I should bring up, my inward monitor said, "Get out." I left the omnibus directly in front of your house, and came on to your doorstep without direction from any

outward source.' She had come in the only line of Roxbury coaches that passes my door.

"After we had dined, Mrs. Putnam took a daguerreotype likeness of her brother Charles, and laid it, without comment, upon a table, at which we invited Mrs. Sisson to sit with us. Instantly upon coming to the table, her eye fell upon the daguerreotype; and, taking it up, she said, 'Why, I have seen that person before! Oh, yes! that is the very face, glasses and all, that was with Natty that night at my house when he made the prescriptions; and (turning to Mrs. Putnam) that is your brother.'

"Three kinds of medicines were left for each of us; and we soon commenced taking them for our lungs and throats. A week later, more or less, Mrs. Sisson informed me that one of *my* medicines was for 'that scrofula,' and that one of Mrs. Putnam's was for an hereditary difficulty, which the medium named and described correctly. In my own case, it is true that scrofula has always been in my system to such an extent as to discharge at one of my ears about as often as once a month, through my whole life, and yet has occasioned so little acute suffering that *only a very few* of my nearest friends have ever known that it was in my system. The predisposition of Mrs. Putnam to a definite disease is scarcely more known. Here medicines were prepared for our separate chronic difficulties,

by Mrs. Sisson, an entire week *before she had seen either of us.*

"And now may I ask, Whose mind worked through Mrs. Sisson's organism, over at Somerville, five miles from our home, while she was an entire stranger to us, and yet so worked as to disclose those physical weaknesses, which were scarcely known beyond the walls of our own house? *Whose mind did this?* This is the chief question. *Whose mind* was at work? 'Natty' and 'Charles,' spirits, profess to have done the work. Will some doubter of the power of spirits to come to earth tell me how either my mind could thus have worked in a stranger, five miles from me, or how hers could have become acquainted with those facts which were not known to our friends and neighbors?

"This case is described much less for the purpose of showing the value of the medicines, than for furnishing evidence of the fact that *there was an invisible physician.*"

The efficacy of some of these medicines, and their fitness to produce any thing like eradication of hereditary disease, cannot well be known until after *long* periods of trial. *Years* might be too short for digging out and removing the unhealthy particles which

fifty years have been embedding and cementing through all parts of the system. An agent that should detach them all suddenly would most likely shatter the whole system. Thorough work, in a case like this, must be slow, and even then will probably bring some debility and suffering as the necessary conditions of the way to health. One of us was early taught to look for little perceptible benefit until the summer of 1856, and not for full results until the winter following. The *processes* by which our spirit-friends reached us, and the evidence of their continued interest in our health, are the points of interest. Proofs of the *presence* and *affection* of the departed, and not of their wisdom or skill as doctors or nurses, are what man properly seeks first. When those proofs have become sufficient, when one believes that spirits *can* prescribe, then is it early enough to ask whether they will do it *wisely* or not. If it was *faith* that saved in olden times, the

same faith, deposited in the cup for medicine, will have efficacy now. Its attractive power is little understood. It draws healthful currents from the very doctor, so that he perceives that "virtue has gone out of him;" and it is only when his virtues mingle in the cup that best results follow. True this of doctors, both in the flesh and out of it. Faith that there is a doctor precedes inquiry as to his skill; faith in his skill gives efficacy to his prescriptions.

We believe that we have invisible doctors; not Natty, not our brothers and sisters, but *students of Nature*, whose optics can discern the minutest particles and the smallest life-rills in every organ of the system; and who, — some of them, — from the days of Galen down to now, have been learning what plants contain the properties best suited to remedy the difficulties that may be existing in each organ of the body; and who, before prescribing, examine all

parts, and, in the prescription, blend things suited to each fundamental difficulty. The prescription is not from the playful boy; but he and our kindred call upon more skilful doctors, and arrange for their visits to us. *There*, as *here*, many an old nurse, be she wife, widow, or *maid*, thinks that she knows better than the doctor, and will herself prescribe. Many, too, in the upper spheres, still ride their old hobbies, whether they were M.D.'s or quacks; and you can, *with some mediums*, have Allopathic, Homœopathic, Hydropathic, or almost any other pathic you choose, *provided* you yourself are wedded to that, and, by your faith and will, attract your like, and repel those who differ. Prove *all* things, *even spirit-doctors*. Many, very many, wonderful cures have been effected by them; and yet prescriptions may come through mediums, which, speaking for myself alone, seem worse than useless.

In our own case, we have been favored

with the history written upon the interiors of our organism from before birth up to the present time. The condition of each principal organ has been described, its wants stated, and the plant named which abounds in the properties in which the organ is deficient. We have been treated as rational patients, left to judge for ourselves; and yet the description of our condition gives very minute intelligence, harmonizing well with our sensations in the past, and thus giving evidence of its accuracy.

Filial affection, surviving in the spheres, sought Natty's aid to bring belief to a suffering father. First the spirit of the medium leaves her body, and flitting, in company with Natty and the spirit-relatives, five miles from her home, enters the little sitting-room where the aged sire and a lady sit. Clairvoyant, she sees the malady, and sees the mental state of each in regard to

Spiritualism. A medicine is agreed upon, and she is directed to prepare it.

Her singular vision she relates in company, describing minutely the room, the old gentleman, and the lady, and wonders where the place and who the people can be. *We* could not fail in applying the description. The room and people, and their dress, were familiar; but we gave no hint to any one, at any time or anywhere, that we recognized the objects.

Soon after this, the medium, taking the prepared medicine, was obliged to leave her home, and go, she knew not whither, to offer the gift of filial love. Following impressions as to points of compass, and what omnibus to take, she rode on blindly till there came a prompting to pull the strap. Getting out in front of a large house, she made her way timidly up the yard; was fawned upon, cordially greeted, and attended up the steps, by the watch-dog; entered the house, and

saw there upon the walls a likeness of the spirit who was seeking to relieve his father. A stranger *thus* coming among strangers, and to those who have no faith in the power or wish of spirits to help those who still remain in the form, had no right to expect a cordial greeting or thanks. The dog, gifted with some keener sense than man, seems to have seen or felt the presence of his *former friend;* and he, to the utmost of his power, made the call pleasant.

Leaving the house, and wandering she knew not whither, this medium, after an half-hour's walk or more, found herself in front of our dwelling, came in, and told the whole story. Then, from Natty and his attendants, we learned that her entrance within those walls carried an atmosphere in which the loving spirits could attend her, and thus gain an entrance to their former house. Joyous event to them! Once entering, they had faith that (by some process unexplained

to us) they could ever after keep it open, and have free access to father and sisters.

In all this, our little messenger-bird was a prompt and vigilant, and yet a *laughing*, marshal of the spirit-band. He finds his bliss in seeing others blessed.

CHAPTER X.

SPIRITS IN PRISON.

The finest lessons of Spiritualism, — soul-permeating, sinking to one's deepest inner wells of charity, and drawing thence waters of life for himself and others, — these lessons or experiences are seldom named upon the house-tops or at the corners of streets. Like communings with the pure and holy *One*, they feel most at home in the closet, with its door shut. Yet our present task would fail of fair performance, were we to leave this door unopened. Natty's biography might lack its most instructive page, were we here remiss.

Known *throughout the spheres*, and admitted *everywhere* because of his winning

smile, and his passport written in glowing letters upon his brow, Natty becomes a frequent actor in scenes and labors that seem strange, — yes, stranger than strangest fiction. To the child lost in pathless and sunless woods, to the benighted and lone wanderer in the swamps and deserts of spirit-land, he is sent, a carrier-dove, with hope on his scroll, and guidance in his course of flight.

A loving mother in the brighter spheres looks down and sees her own erring, but yet her darling, child, dwelling in the cheerless spheres below, wandering in darkness, and yet longing for light, for guidance, and for help. That mother's yearning to bridge the parting gulf, and be herself the guide and comforter, is commission enough for Natty, and such as he, swift of wing and true of sight, to pass the gulf, lure the wanderer round it to where, on solid earth, some window lets forth the hospitable ray that may guide the wanderer's steps to shel-

ter and repose, to where the wretched may come up, to where the compassionate may come down, to where the lost shall be found, to where the dead shall breathe anew the breath of life. The philosophy belongs to other pages. Our task is only a statement of the facts, that bright spirits in the upper spheres are invisible and inaudible by the dark ones in lower spheres, and that direct communion between them is as rare as intercourse between men and angels. "Yet messenger-birds," — mediums in the spirit-world, — luring the dark spirit up and into a medium in the body, and inviting the bright spirit down, can bring the two where, by help of earthly affinities which both can feel, they may become sensible of each other's presence, may commingle their feelings and prayers, may sometimes start the scales from the dimmed eye of the fallen one, and reveal to him or her the presence and form of a glorified mother or father or friend, who

is, and ever will be, near to help undo the heavy burdens, break the chains of sin, and tread the ascending paths that lead to peace and joy.

Where such work goes on, mortal help is often asked, and is perhaps essential. Our medium gives only a body, a tool, by which the interview may be brought about. And the shrinking, trembling, darkened soul often needs kind and encouraging words, lessons upon Spiritualism, hints of the joys that lie immediately before the sorrowful listener, — needs the magnetic strength which a firm will and feeling soul, yet in the flesh, can infuse into that weak and timid one, — before he can bear the words or the sight of the revered parent that hovers over and near, and is longing to be recognized and confided in. Responsible, delicate, solemn task! to take by the hand a soul that has just come up from the pit, and stands trembling upon its brink; to hold

that soul up, and give it courage and strength; to speak the right word, to feel the right emotion, to offer the right prayer; to help it grasp an angel's hand, trust the angel's words of love and cheer, and thus take such hold of heavenly things that the powers below shall not drag it back to its dungeon. This is no part to be heedlessly acted or hastily declined. A life more varied in its occupations and duties than the average, has experienced no other labors that equal these in depth and breadth of action upon my own mental and moral constitution. If aught in life's labors or experiences has opened or developed any thing heavenly in the inward man, it has been these labors to liberate "the spirits in prison." These have been *real, earnest labors;* and the personages, the souls, have been as palpable, as truly immortal spirits, as any ever addressed when speaking from pulpit or around the open grave. The privilege of such high

work seems to have come through Natty. As guide to the wanderers, it has been his duty to lead to the nearest or the best place for refreshment and repose. Few, as yet, will receive such guests. Firm faith in spirit-presence, combined with steady nerve and will, are not common enough to be met with, excepting at here and there a point; and only at such points can the wanderers find a resting-place, where the friends from higher spheres can make them willing to grasp cords of affection let down from above, and willing to take the hand that draws upward.

Lured on by our child, and coaxed into the medium by him, *Charlotte*, sighing, looks sorrowful and heart-broken. Timid and distrustful, scarce a word dare she utter. Only piecemeal, and slowly, can we learn, that, a few years ago, she was a loved and happy maiden, dwelling in the suburbs of our city, receiving all the blessings that

wealth and education, and the love of kind parents for their only child, and she most fair and loving, could bestow. Many sought her hand in marriage. Her own favorite among them was not welcome to the parents. Trusting where she loved, a secret marriage, and a hasty abandonment of her father's house, resulted. A few short weeks, and *how changed* the blooming bride! For he whom she had chosen proved a gambler, a libertine, a brute; and, ere a year had passed, she learned that the marriage was a sham, that her boy was illegitimate, and that she was deserted. The parental door was closed against her. No road but that of prostitution offered so much as shelter and bread to her and the babe. Intemperance and shame early brought both her and her child to the grave. For a few years, her Jemmy was the only loved one she could fondle; and he loved his mother alone, because none else had any love for him. In death they

were not divided. In the spheres they were united, because neither had opportunity to exercise love towards any one but the other.

An angel mother and grandmother, happy in her own bright home, could yet find increase of bliss in the magnetic rills of maternal love and Christian charity which her own heart could pour forth, and direct along such channels as lead down to the dwelling of her loved ones, — her Charlotte and Jemmy, — and, *gathering there*, give moisture that should swell the buried seeds of hope and good resolve. When suffering, sorrow, and penitence had brought the prodigal to herself; when she might be wishing, and yet afraid, to rise and go to her mother, — then Natty guides her to the spot which he calls home, and to the hospitalities of those whom he regards as parents. Sadness sits upon her every feature; distrust reveals itself in every motion. Our fair,

cheerful medium at our side becomes the very embodiment of despair. Kind words touch that sore heart; but she dare not trust: so often, so sadly, had she been deceived, so often and so fatally had villany come to her under the outward garb of friendship, that she dare not give way to confidence. An hour of well-meant instruction, — pointing to the compassion of the common Father, to the germs of strength and immortal life planted in her own soul, to the readiness of men and good angels to take her and the little one by the hand, and lead and help them on and up to the aspirations and the deeds which shall bring peace to the troubled soul, — an entire hour of such instruction passes by. But, though chained by tones of kindness, so unwonted now, though loath to leave, she *fears to trust.* At length, we ask that she shall watch us through all the acts and motives of a week or month, that her spirit-eye shall read us

patiently and well, and then repeat her visit. Two weeks elapse; and again she comes, timid, fearful, and yet not without hope. Aided and encouraged by the ever-cheerful, ever-kind messenger-bird, she thinks she will try to trust once more. And soon that very faith, through medium-optics, — smoked glass for spirits' use, — brings the loving mother within her range of vision. Far up, and amid radiance that almost blinds, hovers that yearning, loving heart, and sends down its seen and felt, its soothing and strengthening, its encouraging and uplifting, its forgiving and its beckoning, emanations. Joy, though dumb, now brings the smile and the repose that often rest upon the human form when life has fled. But soon she *feels* the *arms* that clasped her infant form, and once again she pillows her throbbing brows upon a *mother's breast.* The wanderer has come home, the famishing one finds bread enough and to spare, the lost is

found, the dead lives. In her mother's arms we may let her rest, thankful that we were called upon to help her reach that saving resting-place, that point where good instructions and good influences will again surround her, where new development will come on, where the stains of the past will bleach out, and where the silk and the flax may be grown from which to weave the bright robes of righteousness. Where she is, there goes her Jemmy too; for their love, thus far, has drawn in only one direction: the mother has been his only magnet.

Oh that bright change! — our medium's face, upturned to heaven, is radiant with thanksgiving and joy. The lips move. Another spirit uses her form. That angel-mother, from the *upper* spheres, now pours forth *her* thanks to every helper in heaven or on earth. And how fervent her prayer to God for each and all of them! It is good

to be there; for now we learn what the Teacher meant by the joy in heaven over a sinner that repenteth. It is a *mother's* joy at finding her long-lost child; it is an angel's joy that a wandering soul has found the road to a blissful home. Not she *alone*, but many join her in the rejoicing over the piece which had been lost.

Little Jemmy, too, rises to the land of *love*. Kind looks, kind words, kind acts, are dew and sun, that swell the seeds and start the shoots of confidence in his compressed and timid soul. Hand in hand with him, our little boy goes to the play-grounds of spirit-land, draws him gently in to join the children in their sports, teaches him that the beds of flowers are but carpets for spirit-feet, that he may tread and roll himself upon the fairest and most fragrant of them all, and not a stem will break, not a petal will be crushed; and, from the play-ground, they draw near the spacious mansion of the

bright-robed teachers and lovers of little ones, and peep in upon the happy and well-clad children there. Natty would go in; but Jemmy fears there will be no welcome for such as he. Natty's declaration that the teachers there are kind to *all*, can scarce find credence with him whose life has been but an experience of rebuffs and kicks. More than that, his ragged and soiled robes would be unfitting to the place. True; but Natty tells him these shall be exchanged for new ones. Thus, by degrees, the dwarfed soul of the ill-used child of a fallen mother takes root in a soil, and feels the breezes which shall give its germs development, and nourish its growth till it shall bear good fruit. The report of our messenger says that "Jemmy Carlton is a real good boy."

"If I make my bed in *hell*, thou art there." "I cannot be *where God is not.*" Can Christendom believe this fact? If it do, why fear that knowledge of the wanderings

and sufferings of the bad in spirit-land must mar the happiness of the good above? What God knows, why, how, can that harm *good* spirits? Reader, please stop, and answer how. There may be truth and fact in the words of my spirit-brother, that the errors and faults of friends whom he has left behind disturb him less than we suppose. He says, "It does not give us quite as much pain as some think to know what they are doing; for we have risen to where our views of designs and results are more distinct and accurate than when in the form. We in the spirit-world are made more happy by conversing with our loved ones on earth. We praise God for his goodness in allowing us to do so." Such, condensed, is the statement of A. H. P., my brother, who left for the spirit-land fifteen years ago, leaving widow and children here, and taking with him a *faith, orthodox* according to common nomenclature, but a charity and a life which

put him among those who fear God and work righteousness.

Who, *on the whole,* is made most *unhappy* by earth's prisons and dungeons? Are they the Howards, the Dixes, the Peases, who take the "gauge and dimensions" of human misery there, and thus learn when and where and how to bring relief, and who, *because* they see and know and feel, are roused to put forth the whole energies of vigorous life in meliorating the condition of the wretched? Is it *these noble souls,* that, *on the whole,* are greatest losers by earth's scenes of misery? No, — oh, no! Those very scenes become their pathways to mansions high up on heaven's hills. And the sympathetic searchings of Charlotte's mother, and her use of means to lift the fallen one from her den of loneliness and want and gloom, may have given higher zest to heavenly joys, and raised her nearer to the

Father, than could the heartiest songs of praise.

"Oh, gratitude, gratitude! no language can describe it. I *was* in darkness and despair; but *now* the excess of joy is great. It is by your instrumentality that I ascend, — that I, once a dark, unhappy child of earth, am now wrapped in the blessed influences that breathe hope and peace and elevation.

"CHARLOTTE."

Such is one of her letters to us.

Other spirits have come. Walter Granville, of New York, Fifth Avenue, a young blacksmith, — a doubter of the being of a God, doubter of a future life, doubter of spirit-existence, doubter of spirit-power to speak to mortals, ridiculer of spirit-rappings as d—— humbug, and all this two years after death, — yet finds himself *in our medium*, he knows not why or how. Cased "in a woman, — the thing he always hated," — and locked in there by other agency, the fact of spirit-power to speak through me-

dium-lips, the genuineness of spirit-rappings, the reality of a spiritual existence, are here taught him from the facts of his own experience.

And his mother says, "Kind friend of earth, oh, help the child! Long have I sought to reach him."

Ashamed to meet that fond mother's gaze, his eye drops, and he whispers, "That does look like her; but do not tell her so." He wished to slink away; but his prison was too strong, his jailers too faithful. Stay he must in the *woman walls,* till maternal love found access to his better nature, and the gladdened mother wept for joy. A skilful fowler, with snare well laid and strong, Natty caught the proud eagle.

A Spanish beauty of eighteen, gifted with noble form, high powers of thought, and capacity for deep and good emotions, is deceived, betrayed, and becomes a hater of her race. Misanthropy, deep and bitter, flows

out in every word and gesture and look. Devilish indeed, haughty, scornful, imperious, talented, the conflict in argument was no child's play, no momentary brush. Indeed, her intellectual blade was too keen and too well handled for any common antagonist to meet. But, even in her, the *woman* was not dead. Love, though buried, was not extinguished. Touched by kind and sympathetic tones, the ice melted, and from beneath it there sprung up hope. Long days and nights of doubt and anguish followed; but the kind words and deeds of Abby, whose spirit-eye, glancing down from her high sphere into the den of hatred where the beauty raved, had seen the gems concealed in her locked casket, and, with Natty's help, had fastened there magnetic cords, by which she might be brought to me, and thus within the sphere of good spirits. Helped by Abby, who saw her capacities to become one of Heaven's brightest

angels, she has emerged from her dark estate, and rises on rapid wing towards the realms of light and joy.

These, and others like and unlike them, are the trophies of Spiritualism, — of a union of spirit and mortal power, — of co-operation between those yet in the flesh and those who have passed the grave. Where neither could succeed alone, conjointly they can save many a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.

The fact that such progressing ones make themselves our pupils, and range themselves together on one side the room near us when it is our lot to speak the wisest and kindest words we know to such spirits as can be better reached by mortal than immortal lips, — this fact, if it do not break us down, must teach us to guard well both lip and thought and heart. Much is given, much required. Our merry boy is most active and efficient in works high and holy as this.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHILD FLASHES INTO MANHOOD.

Thus far, we have seen only boyish ways; yet results have often indicated a *man*, and that a *whole one*. But, boy no longer, he seizes my hand, and speaks thus (as before published in the "New-England Spiritualist"): —

"'Dear Father, — Do let me call you thus; for you are indeed my spirit-father. Towards *you first* did my spirit experience the filial feelings. My stay in the body was too short for me to learn, while on earth, what those feelings were. I never *knew* an earthly father. When first we met at the medium's table, your words and tones awakened in me some feelings that I had never known before. Upon describing those feelings to spirits of more experience than myself, they told me that such were filial feelings, — the feelings which the

affectionate child on earth cherishes towards its earthly parents. Towards *you* first did *I* experience those feelings; so that you are my father more truly than you have supposed. I have come to you as the laughing, playful child, while, in fact, I am a full-grown spirit. In earth's matters, I am but a child: the child's form has become me best, and was needful to your recognition of my true state, and to my accomplishment of the purpose for which I come to earth. As a spirit, I am full-grown; as a *child of earth*, I am but a child, ignorant of earth's experiences and trials. In these, you can be my teacher; while, in spiritual matters, I can help you. Let us then, dear father, commune together as mutual counsellors and helpers. I need much aid which you can give. Strange it may seem, but it is true, that those who leave the form in very early life must come back, and come into close alliance with your world, before they can learn some lessons which are essential to highest elevation in the spheres. None of us can *lay the foundation of a broad and all-embracing charity*, unless we learn, by close contact with man on earth, his weaknesses, his temptations, his sorrows, and his trials. And we cannot come into such contact with you as to learn those lessons readily and well, unless your affections draw us to you, and unless your interest in us shall help to hold us to the places and scenes in which you move. Thus, dear father, your interest in me holds me where I can better learn *true charity* than I could

without your aid. You are of more service to me than I can be to you. By your example and help, and through connection with you, I can best learn that *charity for all* without which I cannot ascend with steady flight nearer and ever nearer to the common Father of all.

"'Spirits, in the spheres, do not usually learn their need of accurate knowledge of earth-life until they are thirty years old or more. Sympathy or childish curiosity may bring the infant spirit often back to its earthly friends. But seldom, before the age of thirty, does it come back for the purpose of studying thoroughly man's condition, and thus learning some lessons of deepest wisdom which are essential to the soul's own most beautiful and bliss-giving development. I now come for such a purpose; I come to get that knowledge of earth-life which is essential to our highest good, and which cannot be learned in the spheres above. In the close connection which you permit between myself and you, I am, as it were, experiencing earth-life; I am living your life, feeling your internal and your external struggles, sorrowing somewhat in your sorrows, rejoicing in your joys. Measurably, my progress is linked with yours. Whatever is for your good helps me. Your harm is mine also. And now, dear father, though I come not as the mere child, but as the full-grown, manly spirit, do continue to love, and thus to help, me. In every struggle after clearer light, deeper devotion, broader

charity, your success is measurably mine. Father, I love to meet you at the morning devotions, and listen there while mother reads and while you pray: every word and act and feeling which does you good helps me also. Tell mother that I love to come and nestle in her calm bosom, where all is so quiet and peaceful. Also tell that medium, through whom I first met you, to go on in her course of helping us to get access to friends in the form. Tell Rachael to bind her temples with truth, to be a loving child of God; and then, when her labors in the form are over, I will be one in the band ready and waiting to welcome her with gratitude and joy to the new life above. And now good-by.'

"Such, substantially, was the touching address of the little child, springing forth, Minerva-like, in the full armor of spirit-manhood. He came to do battle side by side with me in life's warfare; he explained our relations; he sought my help, and proffered his to me, — I the man, and he the child, in earth-life; he the man, and I the child, in spirit-life, — to move forward henceforth hand in hand in our journey up towards brighter mansions in the Father's house.

"Such a relation and mutual dependence as this, between the dweller on earth and the freed rover of the spheres above, came upon me as something not common in man's knowledge or his imaginings. This, indeed, may be deemed the work of imagination; but, even *as such*, it seems to possess vast moral power.

The *thought* — be it fact or be it fancy — the *thought* that one of the departed is trained by our precepts and example as essentially as are our earthly children, carries with it the inference that tens and scores and hundreds and thousands of those witnesses around, who 'hold us in full survey,' may have their condition improved or marred by every act, every word, every thought, of each one of us. Such a thought *hints* to man the possibility that his sphere of influence may be wide as his imagination can wing her flight, — may be high as heaven, deep as hell; and, if this be possible, thanks are due to any being or any faculty, be it spirit or be it imagination, which tends to awaken us to any realization of our vast possible duties to the whole race of man. There is deeper meaning in these spirit-utterances than the world sees; there is more meaning in the mother's *prattle* with her child than the world sees. The prattle is meant *for the child;* and the child feels its power and sees its beauty. Spiritualism, in its higher and purer forms, is meant for the childlike in heart: to such this gospel is preached. These feel its power and see its beauty. It opens deep springs of feeling, which send up the waters of faith and gladness; and it gives visions bright and real as that which he of Patmos saw when in the spirit on the Lord's day.

"There seems to be little wisdom in closing our eyes against light, in whatever way the Lord may please to send it. If babes and sucklings can utter words of

highest wisdom, he does wisely who can overlook the humbleness of their source, and think only of their intrinsic worth."

On the last evening of the year, our friend came, in the fulness of his angel-heart, and communed with us. Among many other things, he said, "Natty, as a *child*, has a work to do; Natty, as a *man*, has a work to do. *As a child*, for of such, Jesus says, is the kingdom of heaven. Many a time have I wished to come and speak as *a man*. But Natty has been taught, that, *in whatever form he could be most useful*, in that he should be willing to come."

There being a pause, I, a little in advance, wished him "a happy New Year," with the prayer that it might be one of greater usefulness with both him and me than any one in the past.

"Oh," said he, — "oh, could you hear how the accompanying spirits take up that wish, and echo and re-echo it upon their

harps, — oh, how beautifully! Shall I tell you of a figure we have here? The angels have made a harp. The strings are composed of *persons* whom you have aided to speak to the world. The one who speaks the loudest is the long string; the next loudest speaker is the second string; and so on. The delicate ones are equally necessary: they are the female mediums. Now a bright spirit sweeps the strings; and oh, what music! Would that I could describe it to you! But that is impossible. It goes to the *heart*. Now she touches again, and the music overwhelms me. So it is — it is a reality. You (father and mother are both one), — you have been privileged to construct a harp for the highest spirits to touch, and make music that gladdens the highest angel. You have felt sometimes that there were discordant notes, — thought that this and that effort has been wasted; but, could you see as we see, you would know that discord is

as necessary as accord. All have their place and their use. Oh, never forget *this harp!*"

No, Natty, those who are pleased that you call them parents are not likely to forget the deep impressions of your vivid but simple description of *the harp on which spirits played for us at the going out of the year.* There is compensation in your cheering words for much more of toil than has come to us yet. There is also encouragement and strength in the thought that labors to convince man that angels can visit him awaken strains of thanks and joy upon angel-harps. We shall not forget; but we will labor and pray that our kindred in the flesh, and all other mortals, may have the faith and feelings which shall throw wide their doors for the free admission of angel-hosts, and that the melodies of harps on high may be heard in all earthly dwellings.

And now, my little friend, my pupil in

earth's matters, my teacher in spiritual things, borrowing wings from the press, you go forth, a *strange* bird in man's fields and meadows and forests. The sportsman will bag you, if he can, whatever your note or your plumage; but some lovers of Nature may find melody in your song, and beauty in your colors. Go forth to bless others as you have blessed us; go forth to give pleasure, and to lure man heavenward; go as an angel of *glad-heartedness* and of *smiling* piety; go in the spirit and power of the *universal Father;* and may his blessings be upon you!

Again we quote the words of Spirit Abby: —

"Tarry with us, bright messenger-bird! Thy brow was never touched by the finger of Care. There is much wisdom in *thee.* Thy voyage over the ocean of life was but a span. Thou partedst from the friends of earth *to cheer them unseen.* Come, touch

thy sweet harp to cheer the lone traveller. Many have been touched by thy magic wand. Much good hast thou done, little fairy-bird! Float, float on thy way."

APPENDIX.

Mr. William W. Young, of Chelsea, — a brother of Oliver, and cousin of Natty, — has just sent to Dover, N.H., and obtained a copy of records there. We now learn that Natty was born Sept. 1, 1815; but the time of his death, and consequently his days or weeks of life, are not furnished us. His mother passed to the spirit-land in 1830, and his father about two years ago. One brother and two sisters are now living in New Hampshire; while two brothers and one sister have followed him to the home of spirits. His uncle and aunt at Chelsea state that the mother had a light and fair complexion, and golden-colored hair; also that her children, and especially her son Jefferson, when a boy, had thick golden hair, that curled all over the head. Such facts are first learned by us now, after the picture was painted, and the body of this book written.

And how near has the sprightly boy kept to the facts? In 1852, Oliver says to him, "How old were you when you died?" *Ans.* "Five days."—"How long since?" *Ans.* "Thirty-five years." In June, 1855, he delibe-

rately told me that it was thirty-nine years since he was born. It was, in fact, a few months more than thirty-nine, you will see, yet not quite forty.

His mother's name, which she wrote through the medium when I knew not whether she was living or dead, and when no one present knew, proves to be Elizabeth, as she then gave it. Nothing had ever been known by me, or by the painter, or by either of the mediums, as to the complexion and hair of the mother or of her children; yet, after the picture is finished, we find our Natty is like his family in these particulars. Had we copied from Oliver, whom we supposed to be *brother*, we should have given much darker hair and complexion, if I remember correctly.

Let me repeat, that neither the artist, nor any of the mediums, nor myself, had ever heard of or seen any one of Natty's relatives, excepting at the single meeting which I had with Oliver more than three years ago. I supposed him a brother until our work was done; and he is darker, much, than Natty. How happens it that our five or six mediums and our artist have seen complexion and hair so well suited to the child that was born and buried in Dover, N.H., forty years ago, and of whom they had never heard till he came personally and was seen?

A little incident of recent occurrence is worth recording. Shortly after my hunt for the Youngs in Chelsea, which was late in January, 1856, Mr. William W. Young, for the first time, entered Mr. Fenton's studio. There was no one in the room: he took a seat by the stove; and soon a lady entered. They were strangers,

and did not speak. After a few minutes, Natty said to the lady (Mrs. Newton), "That is my cousin; and I want you to talk to him." Though reluctant to address a stranger under the circumstances, Natty urged so earnestly that she ventured to say, "Natty tells me that your name is Young, and that you are his cousin." This salutation, we trust, put no obstacle in the gentleman's progress towards faith that departed ones can come and talk with men.

Our book is neither argumentative nor demonstrative; and we have taken but little pains to give prominence to such facts as might do most towards proving the agency of spirits. Some apparent discrepancies may show on the surface; and at many points the reader will start questions which are not answered in these pages. The origin and history of the picture were the parts we wished to make public, and the life of Natty was but an incident to the First Part. Our purpose is accomplished if we have given a distinct idea as to who and what he is, even though we leave much unsaid which the curious might be glad to learn.

Roxbury, Feb. 12, 1856.

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